JOHN BULL. MAY 19, 1934

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LV.
1457.

BRITISH LEGION PLOT EXPOSED SEE PAGE 7

JOHN BULL

What do you think of this old frock . . . washed in Persil?

It's great.
But I thought Persil was only for boiling?

But Persil in warm water is just as good for coloured fabrics as it is for the white things you boil!

Do you mean you use Persil for *all* your washing?

Of course! You see, Persil contains good soap—all the soap you need—and the soap is made active with oxygen when Persil is dissolved in water. It fetches the dirt out of heavy things and yet is so gentle in action that it won't harm your flimsiest silks and rayons.

Persil

THE AMAZING OXYGEN WASHER

PER 432-948-28

JOSEPH CROSFIELD & SONS LTD., WARRINGTON

A common task in thousands of homes—but how many people realise the hidden dangers?

LURKING DANGERS

"John Bull" Pays £110 Benefit.

SHE started quietly and steadily on her final task for the day—some ironing. A slip . . . and the hot iron caught her thumb and burnt it badly. She continued ironing for a time, but the pain became unbearable. . . . In a few hours blood poisoning set in, and, despite desperate efforts to save her, she died.

That, in brief, is the sad story of Mrs. Lily Andrews, of Brook Street, Yoxford, Suffolk—another instance of an apparently simple accident resulting in tragedy.

Mrs. Andrews' husband, as one of our registered readers, has received from JOHN BULL a cheque for £110, which includes the 10 per cent. bonus added to every benefit paid to readers who have been registered for three months or more.

Danger lies waiting behind the most trifling of home and garden accidents. Who knows what may be the sequel to even a slight scratch—a cut—a fall off a chair?

JOHN BULL'S Great Free Family Insurance Gift covers the common risks of everyday life. Moreover, JOHN BULL is the *only* paper to safeguard the home against Fire, Storm and Flood damage and to pay benefits for Sickness. It is also the *only* paper that adds a welcome 10 per cent. bonus to any benefits paid to readers who have been registered for three months or more.

Decide right away to be covered by JOHN BULL'S generous Free Family Insurance Gift. A moment's foresight, the filling in of the forms below, and you will have done one of the wisest things of your lifetime. You will be able to look the future boldly in the face, knowing that, in the event of misfortune coming to you or yours, JOHN BULL will be there to render precious assistance. "A friend in need is a friend indeed."

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 19/5/34

Post this Form to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....

Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 19/5/34

CUT HERE

DO YOUR OWN HEMSTITCHING

The X.L. Hemstitching and Pleating Attachment, a great new invention that fits all sewing machines. Easy and quick to operate. Pays for itself in ten minutes.

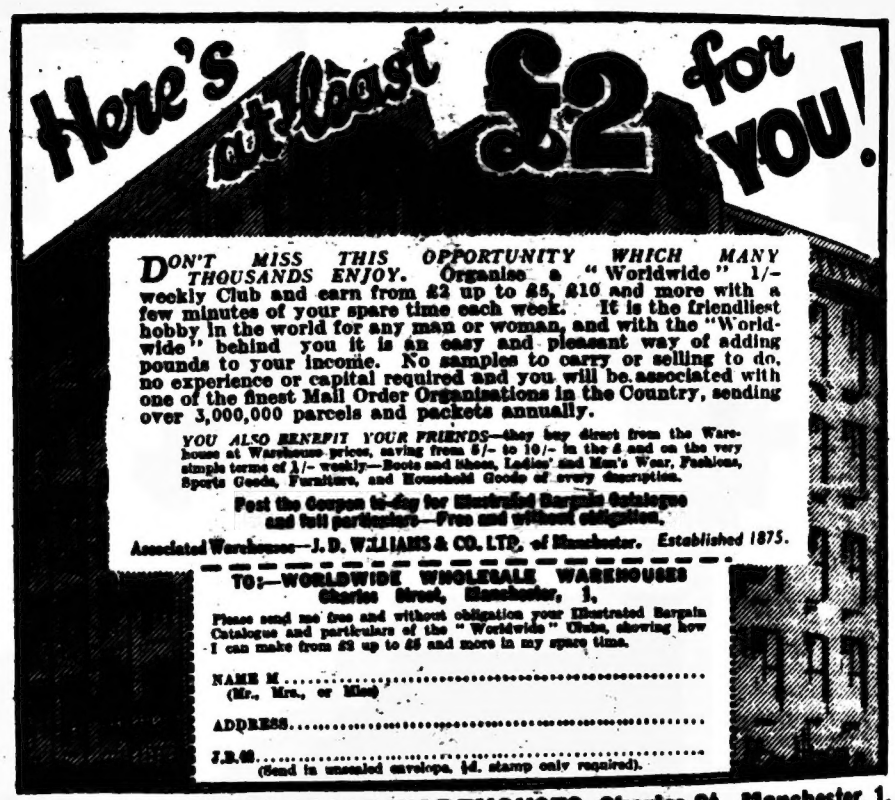
4/6 COMPLETE Post Free. Money back if not satisfied.

THE E Z DARNER

The E.Z. Automatic Darner for every make of machine, darns stockings, shirts, curtains, sheets, etc., quicker and neater than by hand for any size hole without patches. Complete with Darner-Spring Frame and Head 2/- Complete. Full instructions with each outfit.

X.L. SUPPLIES (Dept. J.B.5), 97/99, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2.

Catalogue of useful Household Novelties free on request.



WORLDWIDE WHOLESALE WAREHOUSES, Charles St., Manchester, 1.

NERVOUSNESS

A Remarkably Interesting Book on Nervous Disorders Given Free to All Sufferers!

If you suffer from Weak Nerves, Depression, Insomnia, Morbid Fears, "Inferiority Complex," or any similar nerve-weakness, stop wasting money on useless patent medicines and let me show you how to conquer your nervousness before it conquers you! An absorbingly interesting book, describing a simple, inexpensive, drugless home-treatment, will be sent in a plain sealed envelope upon receipt of 3d. to cover cost of postage, etc. Write NOW, and you will be delighted to learn how easily you can acquire strong nerves, robust health, and a happy, confident personality.

HENRY J. RIVERS (Dept. J.B.7), 46, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.

'JOHN BULL'S'

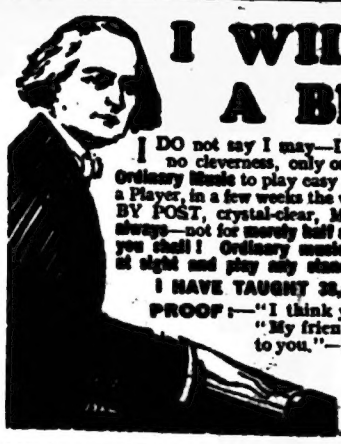
'JOHN BULL' PEN COUPON

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance. State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra. Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

VALUE 3D

Cash the Coupons

GREAT PEN OFFER



I WILL MAKE YOU A BRILLIANT PIANIST

I DO not say I may—I say positively I WILL! If I accept you as my pupil. You need no cleverness, only ordinary everyday intelligence. If a Beginner, you quickly learn from Ordinary Music to play easy Dances, Songs, Hymns and Gems from the Great Masters. If already a Player, in a few weeks the whole practice of your art shall be positively and literally transformed! BY POST, crystal-clear, Musicianly Training, a child could follow. A teacher by your side always—not for merely half an hour weekly. If you wish to play to the pleasure of every listener—you shall! Ordinary musical notation only used (no freakish methods) enabling you to read at sight and play any standard musical composition.

I HAVE TAUGHT 30,000 adult pupils DURING 20 YEARS. I CAN TEACH YOU.

PROOF:—"I think your system is wonderful."—R. W. 29/4/34. X38329. Age 24.
"My friends are very surprised at the rapid progress I am making—thanks to you."—M.G. 28/4/34. X38365. Age 19.

A FREE COPY of my book, "Mind, Muscle and Keyboard," and a Form for gratis advice for P.C. Say if Beginner, Elementary, Moderate or Advanced.

WM. H. BRIDGE (Dept. 301), 69, FLEET ST., LONDON, E.C.4

Big Cash-plus-Motoring Prizes.—See Page 39.

A FREE PARCEL

of high-grade accessories, and the finest Coventry built cycle is yours for £3-10-0 cash, or terms, carriage paid.

SPORTS, RACERS, LIGHTWEIGHTS.

Etc., superior to all others. Lower prices. Better terms. Catalogue FREE.

The O'Brien Co. of COVENTRY

STORE SHED

Design Z.H. from 3/9 MONTHLY

SUTCLIFFE'S

SMALL STORE SHEDS from 24/-

Long	Wide	High.	Cash or 12 payments.	
6ft.	4ft.	6ft.	£2 1 0	3/9
7ft.	6ft.	6ft.	£2 18 0	5/4
10ft.	7ft.	6ft.	£4 4 0	7/9

Send for Free Catalogue, Sheds, Summer Houses, Poultry Houses, Kennels, Greenhouses, Garages, Aviaries, &c.

DELIVERED on first payment. For storing Tools, Garden Implements, Cycles, Prams, etc. Built-in 6 strong perfect fitting sections; easily the best value. Carriage paid. Roofing Felt supplied. Floors extra.

F. & H. Sutcliffe, Ltd., 82, Wood Top, Holden Bridge, Yorks.
London Showrooms: 40-42, Oxford Street, W.1.

A BABY'S 30/-

MAGNIFICENT HOME-MADE LAYETTE. EXCELLENT MATERIALS AND READY TO WEAR. EVERY THING FOR THE ARRIVAL

Modern Short Lengths or usual Long clothes

28 delightful garments (for Winter or Summer Baby). Silk and Wool Shawl, Bath Robes, Lawn or Winsey Day Gowns, L'Cloth, Flan. or Winsey Night-ties, Best Wool Vests, Bush-Flannels, Hand-Knit Woollies, Mat. Coats, Bib-cers, Trunk Sets, Pads, Napkins, etc., etc.

READ WHAT FOR CHASERS WRITE: "I am more than satisfied. No person would trouble to make if they knew of such value. The materials alone would cost me double."

Expectant Mothers! SEND 2/- FOR PARCEL ON APPROVAL

Mrs. J. B. Howard, 66, DOVER ROAD, PORTSMOUTH.

NEW ALL-PURPOSE LIGHTER!

STRIKES LIKE A MATCH NEVER FAILS

Fits into pocket like a Fountain Pen. One end contains four very useful implements, the other an efficient, ever-ready flint lighter that gives a large flame light. Safe, certain and handy. Complete as illustrated. Cannot be repeated at this amazingly low price. EACH 1/3 POST FREE

Stamps may be sent.

FREE CHARM

This lucky BUDHA CHARM in gilded metal 1½ in. high sent with every order for the lighter. Brings good luck and happiness.

ELLISDON & SON, (J.B.), 132, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.1.

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

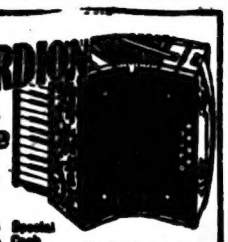
RUGS GIVEN AWAY!

9/6

This Phenomenal Offer is made to "John Bull" readers. On receipt of P.O. 9/6, carriage 1/- ex., we will forward Direct from our looms one of our "Prudential" Brussolette REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN CARPETS. Suitable for Drawing, Dining and Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered in 30 Turkey patterns and fashionable shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues, Browns, Rose and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements, and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own can only be obtained direct from our Looms, saving purchaser all middle profits. Guaranteed genuine bargains. Money refunded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and unsolicited testimonials. With every carpet we absolutely give away a handsome rug to match. *Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Bedding, etc., post free.*

F. HODGSON & SONS (J.B.) Woodsley Rd., Leeds.

IMPROVED PIANO ACCORDION at a lower price



'SOBERANO'

Reduced to 66/6 Special Cash Price

Or to approved customers, 5/- with order and 5/6 weekly, or 10/- a month until 70/- paid (post and packing 1/- extra). Hand and shoulder straps Complete. Free ends.

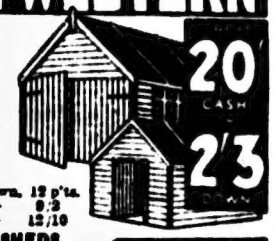
21 Piano Keys. 8 Bass Keys. 14 Aids Richet Protected Reliens. BRONZED CASE, full Stradella Convex. Chromatic Tuning.

MODERNS (Dept. C.1.), 7 & 8, Little Turnstile, London, W.C.1. (Close Holborn Empire.)

BARGAIN LIST FREE

SOUTH WESTERN

Garages from 70/- or 5/- down. Made with electric tools from seasoned timber. All buildings have double strength timber at corners. Planed rebated weatherboard, not feather-edge. Garages steel braced if required. 6d. extra.



SUPER GARAGES.

	Cash.	Down.	12 p'ts.
10' x 7'	100/-	5/-	9/3
14' x 8'	140/-	7/-	12/10

SUPER GARDEN SHEDS.

	Cash.	Down.	12 p'ts.
6' x 6'	55/-	3/6	3/1
8' x 5'	55/-	4/-	4/11
10' x 7'	75/-	4/6	7/-

WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

SOUTH WESTERN APPLIANCE CO. 1929 L
Dept. J., Hugon Rd., Fulham, S.W.6. Ful. 1121 (5 lines).

This Watch shows DATE and B.B.C. TIME

The watch of the future—today! 24-hour dial with usual figures. Date of month shown clearly through open aperture. Date alters automatically at 12 o'c midnight—our own new scientific invention. Another futuristic feature is the sunken revolving seconds dial which cannot catch the hands to stop the watch. In untarnishable Chrome Flat Dress Case with unbreakable glass. Elegantly designed. Geneva lever movement. Warranted 15 years. Send 1/6 deposit and 2/6 fortnightly until 35/- is paid in all. Cash price 32/6. Send at once to:

YOURS FOR 16

AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS (Dept. J.C.1.), 87, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.1 (Opposite Gieves, 2nd Floor).

COULD YOU DO WITH THIS £2-5 EXTRA EVERY WEEK?

IT'S EASILY EARNED IN YOUR SPARE-TIME OFFERING OUR 6D. CLUB CARDS

Here is a wonderful opportunity to **earn big money all the year round**—offer to your friends and workmates—our **6d. Double Value Club Cards.** These can be exchanged for full value in goods as shown in our beautifully illustrated art coloured catalogue.

£400 CASH PRIZES

Our cards sell at sight. Please note, **we cater for every member of the family.** Footwear, Clothing, Household and Fancy Goods, Watches, Clocks, Sports, Games, Toys, etc. All goods are guaranteed.

LIBERAL COMMISSIONS

The Amprico method of paying **liberal commissions every week** is very popular amongst agents. In addition, there are **special agents' bonuses** and postages are allowed. **Free Competitions for Agents and Weekly Club News.**

No previous experience is required.

Start now to make money. Write for complete details.

AMBLER, PRICE & COLE, LTD. (Dept. J.B.)
Amprice House, ACTON LANE, LONDON, N.W.10

Read these letters

Dear Sirs,
Thank you for the cheque value £1 6s. 6d. received this morning, also the shoes and the beautiful Catalogue. I am sure I shall be able to increase my coupon sales before long. Thank you also for the Weekly Newspaper we received. There is something nice and friendly about it, and makes one feel proud of your Club.
Yours truly,
A. E., Arbroath.

Dear Sirs,
Very many thanks for your kind letter and cheque value £15. I must say that I am highly delighted at the prompt settlement obtained.
Yours faithfully,
L. E., Aberyehan.

Dear Sirs,
My client wishes me to compliment you on the promptness of sending his claim of £15.
Yours faithfully,
E. D., Leicester.

FILL IN COUPON NOW & POST IT
It may mean £2 Weekly to you

Please send me details explaining how, as your Agent, I can make substantial sums in my spare time, also forward me your illustrated Catalogue.

NAME .....
(BLOCK LETTERS)
ADDRESS .....
(BLOCK LETTERS)
.....
Post in unsealed envelope (½d. Stamp) J.B. 19/5/34

"AIRCRAFT" Shockproof WATCH

This Milanese Bracelet FREE.

Send 1/- NOW

for this world-renowned "AIRCRAFT" shockproof watch. Handsome chromium plated case. Fitted with famous Aircraft non-magnetic, shock-and-vibration-proof movement. Silver Chrome dial or Plain Luminous. Swiss jewelled movement. Fitted with recoil spring to prevent overwinding. 10 years' written guarantee. Lies flat and neat on wrist. Timed to a minute a month. Send 1/- now. If to satisfaction, forward 2/6 within 7 days and 2/6 or more fortnightly until only 18/- in all is paid. Cash price 16/6. Superior model with unbreakable glass, 22/6; same terms. FREE to Purchasers. Latest fashion Gent's broad U.S.A. pattern adjustable Milanese Chromium Bracelet. On and off in 3 seconds. 7 Jewelled Chrome Dress Pocket Model, 22/6; same terms. Ladies' Solid Silver Model (with Free Gift of Solid Silver Bracelet), same price and terms. Immediate Dispatch.

AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS (Dept. J.B.5.), 87, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1. (Opposite Gieves.)

"EVERYONE A SCIENTIST"

THIS POWERFUL POCKET MICROSCOPE

having all the power and definition of the more expensive instrument, can be used for a myriad purposes. Indispensable for testing cotton, wool, wholesomeness of food and water, besides many interesting things such as examining crystals, animalcule in water, construction of insects showing detail hitherto impossible without a first-class instrument. Requires no skill to use. Gives hours of interesting study. Made of brass, capable of magnifying 150 areas. Count the joints in microbic cheese animalcules. Complete with object glass, spring and full instructions.

1/9 POST 3d.

AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS (Dept. J.M.C.5), 87, New Oxford St., W.C.1

£8 CASH COMMISSION FOR 20 WEEK CLUB

A SQUARE DEAL FOR THE CLUB AGENT. GUARANTEED BRITAIN'S HIGHEST CLUB CASH COMMISSION

The Universal Providers lead the way. Profits shared with all Agents. Run a Universal Providers Unrivalled Bargain Club. Ladies', Men's and Children's Clothing, Dresses, Suits, Underwear, Bedding, Boots, Linens, Furniture, everything 1/- per week. All goods sold on complete satisfaction guarantee. Club Agents—Don't work for nothing! You owe it to yourself to get a fair return for your work. Join our Great Co-operative Scheme for Club Agents and earn the highest cash commission in the United Kingdom.

Write now for these 2 Wonder Catalogues and full details FREE

You'll never regret it — absolutely no obligation.

THE UNIVERSAL PROVIDERS, LTD., Dept. "E," Oakfield Road, London, E.8.

EXTENSION LADDERS

For Householders, Builders, &c.

Closed	Open	Price	
6ft.	10ft.	15/-	Stiles made from
7ft.	12ft.	18/-	Rift-Sawn Prime
8ft.	14ft.	21/-	Clear British
9ft.	16ft.	24/-	Columbian Pine
10ft.	18ft.	27/-	and Rungs of
11ft.	20ft.	30/-	bone-dry Oak 1in.
12ft.	22ft.	33/-	x 1¼ in., securely
13ft.	24ft.	36/-	mortised and
14ft.	26ft.	40/-	wedged. All
16ft.	30ft.	44/-	fittings galvanised. Three iron
With Automatic Rope Pull-up 10/- each ex.			safety stays in each section.

IMMEDIATE DISPATCH.
Carriage Paid anywhere in Gt. Britain.
BEST SELECTION of TIMBER & HARD WOODS IN LONDON. Price List Free.
Send Cheques or Postal Orders to Dept. 'C.'
JOHN ALCOE & SONS, LTD., 774, ROMFORD ROAD, E.12.

WHAT SHOULD YOU PAY for the usual 45/- to 50/- SUIT?

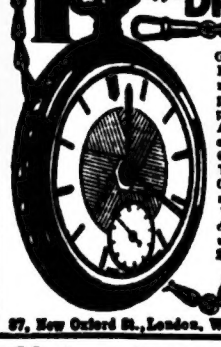
OUR PRICE TELLS YOU

We can make you a perfectly cut Lounge Suit in latest style, S. or D. Breasted, from Yorkshire Tweeds or fine Worsteds. 100 patterns to choose from. 30 years' reputation for sterling value. Write now for Free Patterns, Self-measure Chart and latest fashions.

ALL BRITISH SUITS 19/6 TO MEASURE

Send no money. Write now.
H. THOMAS & Co., Dept. J.B.6
14, Pitlake Bridge, Croydon, Surrey.

½ DEPOSIT Secures this ROLLS de LUXE 1934 DRESS WATCH



Gained full award 1934 Swiss Exhibition. Big feature is the remarkable engraving on case to prevent scratching. Highly polished platinum finished Chrome. Amazingly thin and neat for dress or ordinary wear. New Super Geneva Lever action movement. Timed to a minute. Shockproof. Cannot be overwound. Unbreakable glass. Futuristic figuring. Warranted 15 yrs. Yours for 1/- deposit, balance 1/6 fortnightly until 25/- is paid in all. Cash price 23/6. A handsome platinum and gold filled thin Dress Chain FREE with every watch. Send now to: AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS (Dept. J.D.1.3), 87, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1 (2nd Floor, opposite Gieves).

THORNS PORTABLE BUILDINGS ARE 3 TIMES STRONGER Why? BECAUSE THEY HAVE STEEL BRACED CORNERS

Send now for FREE Catalogue No. 46 illustrating 1,500 sizes and designs of Portable Buildings with 25 per cent. more weight of solid timber, steel-braced corners, non-slip washers. At Opportunity Sale Prices. Fully guaranteed and easily erected. Prompt Despatch, Free Plans, Free Insurance and Special Appreciation Bonus. Delivered Free or Carriage Paid in England and Wales.

SPAN ROOF GARDEN SHEDS.

Long	Wide	High	Sale Price	Deposit	Monthly
4ft.	4ft.	6ft.	£1 16 0	or 3 6	3/4
6ft.	4ft.	6ft.	£2 3 0	or 3/6	3/11
8ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	£3 1 0	or 4 6	5/7
10ft.	7ft.	6½ft.	£4 9 0	or 6 0	8/1

J. THORN & SONS, LTD., Box 66, Brampton Road, Bexleyheath, Kent. Tel.: Bexleyheath 3015 (3 lines).

TEA Agents Wanted! £1—£2

Do you want to make money? Everybody drinks Tea, and for the smallest possible outlay you can become an accredited Selling Agent of our famous Sealon Teas. We have thousands of Agents making good money—some making it their sole livelihood! Finest Teas at KEENEST prices and every possible support given.

Fill in this COUPON

This PENCIL FREE

Nickel-Plated Propelling Pencil with Pocket Clip (as illustrated).

To the first 1,000 Applicants for particulars of our Tea Agency we will include one of these useful Pencils. Please write full name and Address on coupon below and post to

THE SEALON TEA CO., 71, Milton Street, London, E.C.2.

Post now for Free Pencil and full particulars of our Tea Agency

Name .....
Address .....
.....
Post in unsealed envelope (1d. stamp). J.B.
WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS.

FINAL

JOHN BULL'S GREAT CAMERA GIFT

To Every Reader

Here is an illustration of the two superb "Ensign" Cameras which you and your friend can obtain in time for the holidays provided you use the Reservation Forms on the opposite page at once. The Cameras are attractively covered in Black Morocco-grained Leatherette.

Your First Film, a "Lukos" E29, comes with your Camera

"John Bull" has arranged for YOUR FIRST SIX-EXPOSURE SPOOL OF FILM TO BE SENT WITH YOUR CAMERA, so that you can begin to take pictures at once. This film, which takes pictures size 3 in. by 2 in., is the famous Daylight-loading "E 29" LUKOS film. Any standard 3 in. x 2 in. film will fit this Camera and Films for this Camera are obtainable everywhere.

HOW TO QUALIFY

It is important that the Rules below should be read by both the "John Bull" reader and the friend who is introduced.

Simple Rules

The object of this scheme is to obtain bona-fide new readers for "John Bull." If it should be found, upon verification, that any person introduced as a new reader is already a reader, both applicants will be disqualified. A new reader shall be held to be a person who has NOT purchased "John Bull" for the past three months.

An "Ensign" Camera will NOT be awarded unless applied for on an Official Voucher. Vouchers are sent to approved applicants (one for you and one for your friend) upon receipt of the Reservation Forms and Label.

Each applicant must complete his or her own Voucher by affixing to it twelve consecutively numbered tokens cut from 12 successive current weekly issues of "John Bull." Tokens eligible for this offer are Series "A" and they appear every week only in the RIGHT HAND bottom corner of the back cover of "John Bull." Applicants from this announcement may start with Token No. A 76 from this week's issue, but no tokens prior to A 71 and no other series of tokens will be accepted under this scheme.

When the two Vouchers are completed—that is, AFTER the 12 weeks and NOT before—they must be sent in together to "John Bull" by the "John Bull" reader. Gift Cameras cannot be awarded in respect of Vouchers sent in separately. Each completed Voucher—your own and your friend's—must be accompanied by a Postal Order for 2 6 (Two Shillings and Sixpence), which includes the 6 exposure spool of E.29 "Lukos" 3 in. by 2 in. film, and the cost of postage, packing, insurance, etc., on the Cameras, which are despatched separately to your respective addresses.

There is nothing more to pay. This offer is limited to the first 100,000 applicants.

No person may qualify for more than one Gift Camera and no Camera will be awarded to more than one member of the same family living at the same address.

Each applicant who is qualifying for a Camera must see that his or her newsagent holds a written order for the regular and uninterrupted delivery of "John Bull."

Copies of "John Bull" must be paid for in the ordinary way. This offer applies only to persons residing in Great Britain, Northern Ireland and the Irish Free State.

N.B.—Applicants from the Irish Free State will be required to pay any duty that may be chargeable.

OPPORTUNITY

FOR "JOHN BULL'S" WONDERFUL NEW 1934 'ENSIGN' CAMERA

THIS week "John Bull" announces an absolutely final opportunity to secure its wonderful Camera Gift—a magnificent 1934 "Ensign" Camera complete with film.—One for you and one for your friend. The Reservation Forms below are the very last to be published and unless you take advantage of this opportunity NOW *you will definitely be too late.* The opportunity to make sure of enjoying this Summer all the fun of photography, is now before you for the very last time. Seize it immediately!

ONE FOR YOU—AND ONE FOR YOUR FRIEND

LOOK at the illustration of this magnificent Camera—and then at its name. "ENSIGN"!—a household word—a trade mark famous all over the world. Here, indeed, is a first-class Camera—a Camera into which is built one hundred years of splendid photographic experience—A RELIABLE, SCIENTIFICALLY MADE ARTICLE with which the veriest beginner can get results.

This "Ensign" Camera has a genuine British-made Lens of the rapid Meniscus type, specially focussed to give clear, sparkling snaps from six feet to infinity. You don't need to worry about distance—everything you see in the view-finder comes out in the print—**inexpensive, trouble-free photography.**

The shutter is the wonderful "EVERSET ROTARY" type, with simple adjustment controls that enable you, at the touch of a finger, to switch from "snap" to "time" exposures. With it you can photograph heavy detail, and take beautiful pictures indoors as well as out. There are two large-size Optical Reflex Viewfinders—one for vertical pictures and the other for horizontal views. The body of this "Ensign" Camera is strongly made—the back and front are of hardwood, the whole body is reinforced with hardwood and metal bracing.

The Camera is completely and attractively covered with handsome Black Morocco-grained Leatherette—a waterproof material that will withstand any amount of usage. It has a stout, real leather carrying handle. All exterior fittings are polished nickel plated or black.

To load this Camera is the easiest thing in the world—the simple, straight-line loading system with which it is fitted ensures complete freedom from winding troubles.

A Leaflet giving full operating particulars is sent with every Camera. Think of the wonderful collection of photographs you can build up this Summer with this handy trouble-free Camera. You may, too, win one of the many huge cash prizes which will be offered in snapshot competitions.

In order to qualify for one of these Gift Cameras, you are asked by "John Bull" to introduce one friend only who is **NOT** already a reader. All that your friend has to do is to give "John Bull" a trial for twelve weeks. In return, we will present **both to you and your friend** a 1934 "Ensign" Camera. The only other thing we ask you to do is to make certain that the friend you introduce is a genuine new reader, i.e., one who has **NOT** purchased "John Bull" for the last three months.

So great is our faith in "John Bull" that we believe that those who, in the **first** place, are induced by our great offer to give "John Bull" a trial, will continue thereafter as regular readers.

As proof that both you and your friend have purchased "John Bull" for twelve weeks, you are **each** asked to cut out and affix twelve consecutive tokens from twelve successive issues of "John Bull" to the Gift Vouchers which will be sent to you upon receipt of the Forms below. Directly your own and your friend's Gift Vouchers are received by "John Bull" properly completed, you will **each** have despatched to you an "Ensign" Camera, complete with a six-exposure "LUKOS" Daylight Loading Film—so that your camera is ready for use the moment it is unpacked. **That is all.** There is no "catch." There are no hidden conditions. There is nothing more to do. There is nothing more for you and your friend to pay other than 2/6 each, which includes postage, packing in carton, insurance, etc., **and the Film that comes packed inside each camera.**

Act NOW. First read the simple "How to qualify" directions on the opposite page. Then take the first step towards securing your Camera by getting the Reservation Forms below filled in and posted to "John Bull" to-day.

On receipt of the Forms below, properly completed, "John Bull" will send you two Gift Vouchers on which both you and your friend may qualify for your Gift Cameras. At the same time, two Gift Cameras will be specially reserved—one in your own name and the other in the name of your friend.

Remember—this is positively the last opportunity. No further Forms will be printed. Get the Forms below filled in at once and send them in by the very next post.

Hurry!

IMPORTANT! Do not separate the forms below—post in an unsealed envelope bearing a halfpenny stamp. You MUST affix a halfpenny stamp to the label. Write clearly in BLOCK letters.

CUT AROUND DOTTED LINE

Halfpenny stamp MUST be firmly affixed here by you.

Name_____

Full Postal Address_____

_____

_____

YOU FILL IN THIS FORM

Applications from this announcement must be received by NOT LATER than Tuesday, JUNE 5

YOUR FRIEND FILLS IN THIS FORM

RESERVATION FORM "A."

To be filled in by the reader of "John Bull" who is introducing a NEW READER.

The "John Bull" reader MUST complete label on left. Affix halfpenny stamp firmly to space provided—send in label with these Forms—give YOUR name and full postal address clearly in block letters.

To Dept. J.B.6, "JOHN BULL,"
3, Arne Street, London, W.C.2.

In accordance with your special offer, please reserve an "Ensign" Camera in my name in return for my introducing a friend as a new reader. My friend has personally signed Form "B" and undertakes to give "John Bull" a trial for twelve consecutive weeks.

I have read and agree to abide by the rules governing this offer.

I certify that my friend is NOT at present a reader of "John Bull."

Please send me an Official Voucher on which to qualify for my "Ensign" Camera, together with a similar Voucher for me to hand on to my friend.

"John Bull" Reader's Signature.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY BELOW IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

.....

LEAVE BLANK CHECKED — District Supervisor.

Date.....

Give below Name and Address of Newsagent holding your order for the regular delivery of "John Bull."

Newsagent's Name.....

Address.....

.....

RESERVATION FORM "B."

This Form "B" MUST be filled in and signed PERSONALLY by the NEW READER—NOT by the "John Bull" reader.

Your special Gift offer was introduced by the "John Bull" reader who has filled in the Form "A." I certify that I am NOT a reader of "John Bull" and that I have NOT purchased "John Bull" for the past three months. I undertake to give "John Bull" a trial for twelve consecutive weeks.

In accordance with your special offer, please set aside and reserve an "Ensign" Camera in my name. Also please send me (through my friend) an Official Voucher on which to qualify. I have read and agree to abide by the rules governing this offer.

New Reader's Signature.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY BELOW IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

Date.....

Give below Name and Address of your Newsagent to whom you have given or will give an order for the regular delivery of "John Bull."

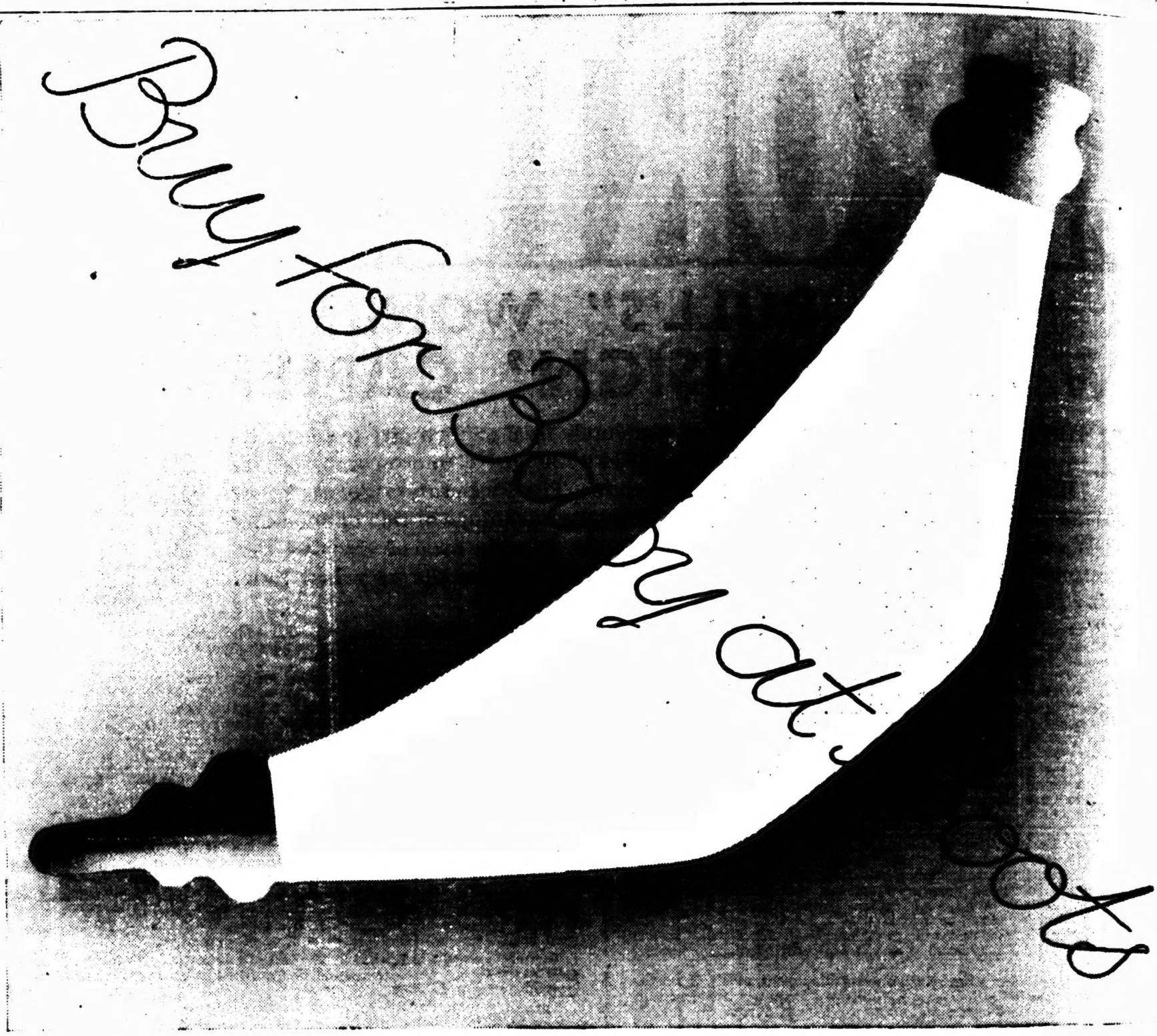
LEAVE BLANK CHECKED — District Supervisor.

Newsagent's Name.....

Address.....

.....

"John Bull," 19/5/34



The trouble about a baby is that even the most beautiful baby—yours of course—is so very exclusive. He needs his own everything, and many things you never even thought about. Squares, of course, but also dusting powder. Powders, yes, and also his own special safety pins. Feeding bottle probably, and that means a bottle brush. He must have his own soap, sponge, cot blankets and sheets, and soon his own tooth brush. There is no end to the things he needs. And should medicine be necessary you cannot be too careful about the dispensing. You will find the cost of baby's things and the dispensing of baby's own medicine so much more manageable if you do as so many other mothers do—buy for baby at Boots.

YOU CAN RELY ON

The Boots Chemists

Boots Pure Drug Co. Ltd., Nottingham.

ets—38

JOHN BULL

THURSDAY

For week ending Saturday, May 19, 1934. Twopence. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, ½d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.*
93, Long Acre, London W.C.2.
Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.
Telegrams: Hebocality, London

Wrecking the LEGION!

—A Plot that *Must* Fail

We want to see them shaking hands—not shaking fists

Without Fear or Favour

THE greatest brotherhood of men and women in the life of the Nation is being betrayed.

It is the British Legion, to the members of which we have a special responsibility in describing the nature of the influences which will undermine their great organisation if they are not resolutely on their guard.

From the early days after the Great War, when the Legion was building its great structure, John Bull has never wearied in helping the development and consolidation of the work and power of this splendid body.

The late Field-Marshal Earl Haig, the founder, was given the liberal use of the pages of this journal to make the objects and principles of the Legion nationally known, and to his successors we have tried to render every possible service, both by commendation and criticism, towards raising the movement to its present unassailable prestige.

There is need also for the general public to be made aware of the meaning of the threat to imperil the future of the Legion by insurrectionists whose purpose is, first, to disrupt it and then to effect a coup by which they would capture control of the machine for their own purposes.

THIS wider interest of the public lies not alone in the fact that virtually every citizen subscribes by money or service to the great beneficent agencies of the Legion.

The community has now cause to be concerned also about the possibility of the powerful instrument into which the movement has been forged being used against its best interests if control passes into the grip of political or social adventurers with ambitions.

With a Royal Charter and constitution which spell democratic rule in every line, the Legion has gone in unity, under sober and dignified administration, from strength to strength, completely independent of sect or party.

It has never once had to call upon its latent strength to assert the justice of its policy. By the exercise of reason, restraint and toleration, its reputation has been made to stand high in the eyes of the country and to deserve the tribute of its patron, the Prince of Wales, that to-day it has become "the greatest national organisation for doing good."

Now, for the first time since it was created, the stability and progress of the Legion are being seriously menaced.

FOR some years, it is true, the movement has had to withstand the fire of snipers—mostly disgruntled individuals who felt themselves cheated of power and office—but their marksmanship has been so consistently bad as to be almost innocuous.

To-day, however, the Legion confronts a more serious threat, far graver, we believe, than is even remotely known to the rank and file of the movement. An attack in force is planned to be launched this Whitsuntide when the representatives of the 4,000 branches of the Legion meet in conference at Weston-super-Mare.

Not for a moment will the people who are really directing the proposed assault show themselves in person. They want, until the battle swings in their favour—if it ever does—to remain unknown, and they will only emerge from their far-away dug-outs if the signal is given that a safe opportunity has been opened for them to seize the power for which they are hungrily waiting.

The line of attack intended to be followed is that the democratic control of the Legion is being endangered and, to use a declaration already publicly made, that the Legion has become "a sort of mutual admiration society run by a junta of brass hats for their own social advancement."

If this were true, the British Legion might as well cease to exist. But it is *not* true. From the evidence advanced by the wreckers themselves, it can be proved to be a lie, manufactured for a contemptible purpose.

The pretext for the offensive is that the Standing Orders Committee of the Legion has rejected from the agenda for the forthcoming conference seventy resolutions submitted by branches.

It is, of course, the chief function of such a committee to reduce the agenda to proportions within the time and scope of the conference. As this committee consists of representatives of the Legion's National Council and of delegates elected by the conference itself, it is difficult to conceive how it can be more democratically constituted.

Here, therefore, is certainly no reason or excuse to surrender the virtual control of the Legion with all its agencies and ramifications, to the wreckers.

Most serious is the charge that the British Legion is to-day governed by a clique whose chief object is their own social advancement.

To foster this belief, the malcontents have had resort to astounding tactics.

They have singled out for vilification the chairman of the Legion, Colonel Sir John Brown, D.S.O., a man who has served his country well in war and peace.

The amazing statement has been published regarding him that, following a deputation from the Legion to the Prime Minister and the Minister of Pensions, he received a knighthood in the last Honours List, and the Ministers thereafter refused the requests of the delegation. The terrible innuendo is clear—that Sir John Brown sold the disabled ex-Service men of Britain for social reward.

Former chairmen of the Legion, adds this published statement, received only the C.B.E.

Sir John Brown could not be created a C.B.E. on this occasion. His traducers forgot that he has held that honour for eleven years. Moreover, when knighthood was recently conferred upon him by the King, it was not for his work on behalf of the British Legion, but was expressly stated to be in recognition of his magnificent service to the Territorial Army.

SIR JOHN BROWN is, however, thoroughly capable of defending his honour. Undoubtedly the British Legion at this Whitsun conference will sternly disown and repudiate any association with this insult to His Majesty and to him.

We would urge the delegates to the conference particularly to seek information regarding the identity and motives of the individuals who are really behind the smoke-screen of the attack upon the integrity and prestige of the Legion. Their purpose is not the simple one it may appear to some to be on the surface. It is to capture the government of the Legion for their own ends.

For instance, every branch and delegate of the Legion has received a call to revolt in the form of a circular purporting to have been issued by a Surrey branch of the Legion.

They will be amazed to learn that it has been sent to them in reality through individuals whose names do not even appear on the document and whose identity is unknown to the Legion as a whole!

The public faith in the British Legion and esteem of its work will be made still firmer if its representatives meet this onslaught with the calm dignity which will most effectively shatter it.

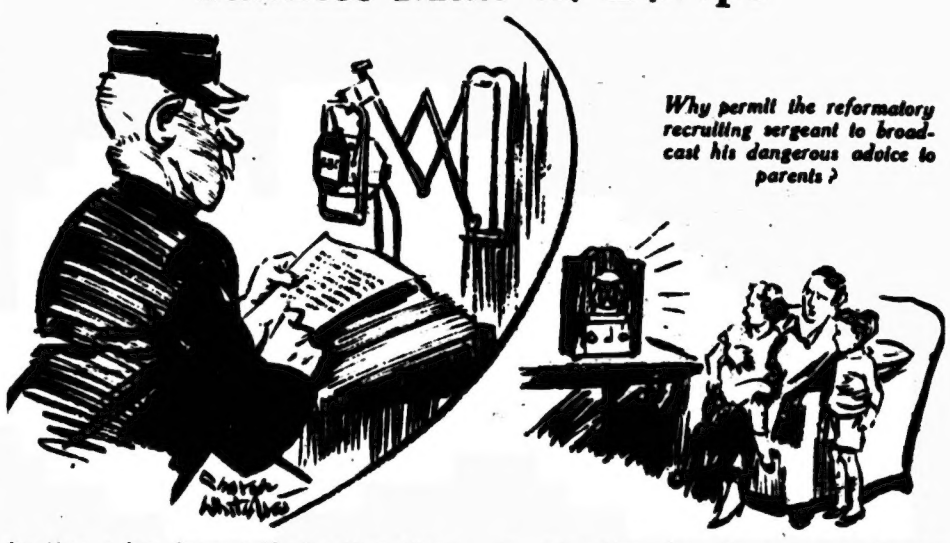
STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

Most Dangerous Advice to Parents:

BY PERMISSION OF THE B.B.C.

Bradman's Poison Pen Pests

Saddest Man in Europe



Why permit the reformatory recruiting sergeant to broadcast his dangerous advice to parents?

STRANGE indeed are some of the talks and lectures which are being delivered to wireless listeners from the B.B.C. studios.

Cranks and others with bees in their bonnets seem to be given freedom of the air with astonishing ease—considering the rigidity of the censorship which Broadcasting House imposes on the discussion of really vital topics affecting the lives of the people.

Now the B.B.C has made matters still worse by inviting to the microphone propagandists for reformatories and other institutions, the filling of which with children provides jobs for a multitude of officials.

Not enough victims!

A series of amazing utterances was allowed to be made without check the other night by a speaker who purported to be explaining the provisions of the new Children and Young Persons Act.

He regretted mournfully and with colossal impudence that not enough parents are "taking advantage" of that remarkable section of the Act by which they may voluntarily bring their children before the courts, although their little ones have committed no offence in the eyes of the law.

His plea was that all troublesome boys and girls should be surrendered for "care and treatment."

A snare!

In language which would deceive the ordinary working-class parent, he went on to mention that a child so handed over would be placed on remand—he omitted to state *in custody*—and would then be examined by "psychiatrists and psychologists."

Why did the B.B.C. not insist that the speaker should explain the true meaning of these words—that the "psychiatrists and psychologists" are so-called mental officers.

Wanted—more crime

With ever-increasing effrontery, this strange advocate was allowed by the B.B.C. to proceed to counsel the police to bring more juvenile business before the courts.

Policemen, he declared, must be instructed to be on the look-out for children who dared to ride on the backs of lorries and to summon them, so that they could be provided with "care and treatment."

No second chance

And he next had the audacity to reprimand employers who dared to give a second chance to their young workpeople who were found out in petty delinquency.

This giving of second chances, said the loudspeakers, was merely a pose or a revelation of laziness on the part of employers.

"Always prosecute them," was the order. "Bring them before the courts for scientific treatment!"

Sir John Reith, the Director-General of the B.B.C., should pay more strict attention to his refined young men at Broadcasting House who arrange for this kind of dangerous nonsense to be poured into the air.

Saddest man in Europe

The saddest man in Europe to-day must be Mr. Arthur Henderson. For we fear there can no longer be any doubt that the Disarmament Conference will fail.

It will meet on May 29 only to die, and Mr. Henderson's years of great endeavour will have been wasted.

But we hope its failure will not frighten our Government into joining the rest of Europe in a mad armaments race. That way lies war.

Muffle the drums!

Let the Government remember the words of Lady Astor when she was howled down by fire-eating women Conservatives the other day:

"I have won and held a naval constituency for fifteen years, but not by beating a big drum and shouting about England ruling the waves."

Yes, and what Lady Astor has done in Plymouth, Britain can do in the affairs of the world.

The better war

We are already spending a huge amount on the Fighting Services. If we spend more we shall be none the safer, for there can never be safety in preparations for war.

Let us concentrate rather on arming Britain to fight other wars that are more worth while.

More mothers die

For one thing, we must wage a ceaseless combat to reduce the shocking toll of motherhood. Three thousand women die in childbirth every year, and the number continues to increase.

The false economy that has curtailed State maternity services must be scrapped. Indeed, the whole nursing system for mothers and infants needs a vigorous overhauling.

There is not the slightest reason why this most vital of problems should be allowed to become steadily graver.

Action we like

And what of the children? We are glad that no fewer than 282 education committees — including the London County Council—are urging the Government to raise the school-leaving age to fifteen.

Some authorities are not waiting for the Government, but have already acted themselves by altering their by-laws.

We wish all authorities would do the same.

Stop it!

We welcome a second move in the right direction that has been taken by Bristol, which is going to stop the part-time employment of all children under fourteen in any capacity. Why is this not done by every town?

We know how poor families welcome an extra shilling or two brought in by their children, but every schoolchild that works is helping to keep an unemployed adult out of a job.

Scandalous

But we have the utmost contempt for another West Country town—Plymouth. Its council has instructed the treasurer to advertise for three more female assistants at £1 a week.

And an alderman discloses that twenty-year-old youths in the same department get only 8s. 6d. a week!

We are sorry that the place which bred a Drake is now ruled by a breed of starvation-mongers.

Real stuff

Another person who doesn't get very much is Lord Naas. He is working as a builder's labourer for £2 5s. a week.

In his forty-four years of life he has had some hard times, but what we like about him is his assertion: "I don't regret turning my face from Society and squaring up to real society."

The man who says that is made of real stuff himself.

Taking his coat off

We also admire a Lincolnshire vicar, the Rev. G. F. Holmes, for taking his coat off.

Finding his new parish without a church hall, he turned the rectory gardens into a builder's yard, made forty tons of concrete blocks, put in five hours a day on ladders and scaffoldings, and within six months had built the hall. And his age is seventy!

If all parsons tackled parochial problems with the same determination, what a fillip the Church would get!

The Fragrant Minute

VICTORIOUS LOSER

WHEN you are the loser, wear the winner's smile. Very hard, I must admit, but such a gallant style! To smile a bit and laugh a bit and show no hurt at all, makes the disappointment grow exceeding small.

When you are the loser, make a moment's halt. Ask yourself this question: "Was it my own fault?" If it was—admit it. Then you surely find comfort for the aching heart and balm for the mind.

But if you're certain the fault lies not in you. Then of course smile a bit—that's the thing to do. The smile of the loser makes that loser win! Where there is courage—failure is no sin.

Wilhelmina Stitch.

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Wilhelmina Stitch will always be very pleased to hear from JOHN BULL readers. Address letters to her c/o The Editor, JOHN BULL.

Heroic

But what pleased us most during the week was the quiet determination of a Lancashire miner, John Joseph Melling.

Crushed by a wagon and suffering great pain from serious internal injuries, he insisted on walking half a mile home because he didn't want to upset his sick wife by being taken in an ambulance.

Later he had to be taken to hospital, very ill.

The best tribute we can pay is to say that his stoic and kindly courage was typical of men in his dangerous calling.

Foul play

What displeased us most was that Don Bradman is receiving shoals of insulting and threatening letters.

Not one of the writers has had the courage to sign his name. Most call themselves "Fairplay" or "Cricket Lover"—descriptions that make their cowardice all the worse.

We hope Mr. Bradman will believe that these contemptible critics represent only a tiny minority of the British people, and we should like to see them fall into the hands of the real lovers of cricket and fairplay.

Council to honour

Now let us record the honourable behaviour of the Aberdare Council.

When a newly elected Communist member took his seat, he admitted that he was in receipt of poor-law relief. The clerk had to point out that if three councillors gave written notice his seat would be declared vacant.

Though most of the councillors were in political disagreement with the Communist, not one would put his signature to the notice. That seems to us both broadminded and sporting.

Monstrous injustice

But this case raises a wider issue. There are hundreds of thousands of unemployed people who have to draw poor-law relief.

Why should they therefore be robbed of the full privileges of citizenship?

We say that this unfair relic of the bad old pauper days should be relegated to the scrap-heap.

Harsh

We are reminded of the bad old days, too, in an astonishing sentence of the Recorder of Birmingham.

A penniless lad of nineteen had stolen a few cigarettes and tried to steal some money from a shopkeeper. Though he had been in custody for two months, the Recorder sent him to jail for six weeks!

Stranger still, he thought that prison might "save" the lad. In our judgment, it's more likely to have the reverse effect.

Pettifogging laws

A smaller thing that makes us rather mad is the fine of 5s. imposed on an Ainmanford tradesman for a breach of the law on Sunday trading.

He had filled an automatic cigarette machine on Sunday evening, and packets were later bought from it.

Well, this may be a heinous offence according to law, but not to commonsense. Haven't the police and magistrates anything else to do but harry us with petty restrictions?

Worst rating ramp

The latest and most outrageous rating ramp is now in full swing. In many districts assessments on small houses are being raised by as much as a third, while those on large houses are being reduced!

So once more the little man pays—through the nose.

In innumerable cases the increase will swallow up the recent reduction in income-tax.

Shameful "wangle"

Yet property value has fallen owing to cheaper building costs. But that matters nothing to the bigwigs.

They are taking advantage of the improvement in trade and other factors.

We can only describe the latest development as a gigantic fraud that should receive the close attention of Parliament.

Making thrift safer

Lord Mottistone gives us reason to hope that JOHN BULL will soon be able to end one of its longest campaigns.

For he tells us of a plan to bring all thrift clubs under official control, a plan we have advocated for years.

It must be made to succeed, so that we shall have no more cases of poor folk being robbed of their savings.

Gone home

We are glad to record that "Major Grenfell, D.S.O.," the very capable crook we exposed some time ago, has been sentenced at Plymouth Assizes to five years penal servitude.

THE WEEK we all want

—and the TYRANNY it would ABOLISH

"The Tyranny of the Belt"—but there is a remedy; human individuality need no longer be sacrificed to the machine

by

Lord Strabolgi

who has challenged the Government on its attitude to the world Convention for a 40-hour working week

FIFTEEN years ago, just after the war, the agricultural labourers were the last great body of workers to win the right to a weekly half-holiday.

I was talking about this to a land-owning friend of mine, and he went purple with fury. "It will be the ruin of the countryside," he said indignantly. "Why, the labourers will go playing cricket on Saturday afternoons."

This, unfortunately, is the spirit in which short-sighted people have always regarded any proposal to reduce working hours.

I wonder what this friend of mine would have said if he could have accompanied me on a recent visit to a modern factory and seen the girls at work, brightly dressed in becoming overalls, happy and swift at their work.

Forty hours a week was their working time. They were provided with rest rooms and recreation grounds, and every morning stopped at 11 o'clock for refreshment and ten minutes' relaxation. Their output was all that could be desired, and the firm was making good profits.

But it is no use closing our eyes to the fact that science and invention have produced such marvellous means of production that unless society is prepared to adjust itself, the machine will triumph.

.....

I REMEMBER vividly my visit to a mass-production factory during my last stay in the U.S.A. Then I saw what Ford's manager at the great Dearborn works described as the "Tyranny of the Belt." It is a tyranny we must abolish from the factory.

When a man uses a machine he regulates its speed to suit his individual strength and skill. But when the machine uses man, the unhappy "operative" has to regulate his movements to keep pace with the inhuman master.

As the conveyor belt moves forward relentlessly, the worker must fit in the screws or join up the parts in a space of time adjusted to a split second. He cannot slack off for a moment.

The strain is terrible. Most workers have their "off" days. They are feeling a little off colour. The machine pays no heed. On another day the worker feels fit and spry and could do faster work. The machine does not let him.

The remedy is to shorten the working hours. Increased leisure will then provide the opportunities for the machine-minder to recover the mastery of the machine by engaging in pleasurable pursuits of his or her own choice. Long hours, with machine processes, is slavery.

One of the most obvious and practical means of restoring the balance is, therefore, to reduce the hours of labour. The most promising proposal, for which general agreement is now being sought through the International Labour Office of the League of Nations, is the reduction of working hours in industry to forty per week.

The official proposal is that this shall be the weekly period in factories; but, where continuous process methods are used, forty-two hours may be worked; and in transport undertakings forty-eight hours.

.....

THE forty-hour week proposal is a long step forward from the forty-eight hour week of the Washington Labour Convention of 1919. But the proposal is not so revolutionary as it may sound at first. Nor is it put forward primarily by Socialists, nor even by the spokesmen of the trade unions in the industrial countries.

Many prominent employers, who could be described as Conservative in politics, have advocated a forty-hour week, and put it into force in their own undertakings with good results.

For example, Lord Trent, head of the great firm of Boots Cash Chemists, has just introduced this system in his great Nottingham factories.

The great chocolate firm of Rowntrees, managed by first-rate business men, reduced its working week to one of forty-four hours shortly after the war.

The reduction in hours was followed, first, by a marked decrease in the sickness rates; secondly, economies in the cost of maintenance and repair work; and, thirdly, little, if any, diminution in actual output.

To take another successful British example, Mander Brothers, of Wolverhampton, the well-known paint and colour manufacturers, recently carried through a reduction of working hours from forty-eight to forty without reducing wages. After eighteen months' experience they found that the earnings of the men on piecework increased on the average 25 per cent. during the shorter working week, production actually increased, and total labour costs decreased.

It may be argued that these were all exceptional cases, that these firms, with an assured market, were able to bring about a reduction of hours without ruining themselves, while less efficient firms would go to the wall.

The answer to this argument is to be found to-day in America. Under the stimulus of the Roosevelt "drive" and the American Recovery Act, 270 industrial firms, employing over a million workpeople, have adopted the five-day week of forty hours. Seventy per cent. of them have reported no loss in total output.

In some cases, notably in the building trade, which is one of the most important of the industries to shorten hours on the other side of the Atlantic, there has been an actual increase in output; while wages have been maintained at the old rates so that the standard of living, and therefore the purchasing power of these million workpeople in America, has not been diminished.

On the Continent the great optical instrument-making firm of Zeiss, in Germany, has adopted the forty-hour week, and has increased its business since doing so.

There is, of course, a stage reached where a too short working week means a definitely reduced output. There is a general consensus of opinion among students of the subject that the forty-hour week is a good practical average, and that with careful management and good will all round it does not mean a net loss of efficiency of output.

But because there is a general fear that if one nation reduces its working hours it will lose its place in the world's markets, no serious effort has been made until now to bring about this great reform by international agreement.

Just as the majority of employers in Britain would be prepared to reduce hours if they could be sure that their rivals alongside of them would do the same, so nations themselves are reluctant to pass the necessary legislation to reduce the working hours for fear that their rivals across the frontiers will gain an advantage over them.

.....

FOR the last four years the International Labour Office has been working at this problem. They have now reached the point where the Governments of all the principal industrial nations are prepared to come into line, *with two exceptions.*

These two, curiously enough, are England and Japan. There may be some excuse for the Japanese Government; but there is some mystery about the position of the British Government.

There has been a great outcry about Japanese competition. One of the reasons for the complaints made of unfair competition from the Japanese mills and factories is that the Japanese workpeople labour far longer hours than Europeans and Americans will tolerate. Yet, when there is a chance of reaching an international agreement to reduce hours all round, it is the Government of Britain, still the leading industrial nation, which stands by Japan in obstructing this world-wide reform.

There is, however, still time; for the final decision will be taken next month. If the British Government would come into line with the German, French, Polish, American, Italian and other Governments, then either the Japanese would have to do the same or risk complete isolation—with all that that would mean.

One of the stock arguments is that other nations will sign a convention to reduce their hours, but will not keep to it. This is not necessarily the case. The forty-eight-hour convention and the rules against night work for women and the other regulations agreed to at Washington in 1919 have been well kept.

What happens in practice is that a powerful negotiating weapon is put into the hands of the trade unions in the countries concerned. They naturally keep their own employers and Governments up to the mark.

.....

THEN there is the argument that working people would not know what to do with their leisure; that it is necessary for them to be kept working long hours to keep them out of mischief! Nowadays that argument is utterly false, owing to the tremendous increase in amusements and pastimes, and changes in public taste.

In this country the growth of the allotment movement, the popularity of walking and cycling, the great increase in the patronage at the kinemas and other places of amusement, together with the general development of the public taste, have solved this problem of leisure.

When the trade revival sets in in earnest, a shorter working week will necessitate the employment of more men and women, and thus do something to cure the greatest ill from which we suffer to-day—compulsory unemployment.

Forged Stamps

A GOOD deal was heard the other day about the great stamps forgery conspiracy.

We can predict that a great deal more is going to be heard about it in the near future, and the facts will be as sensational as any that emerged during the trial at the Old Bailey, which resulted in the sentence of the three Poles—Najmark, Popielek and Turek—who couldn't speak a word of English, but who had nevertheless plotted to smuggle forged British insurance stamps to the value of £44,000 into this country.

It was more than two years ago that JOHN BULL alone among newspapers first made some startling disclosures about the growth of this amazing traffic and prophesied that, sooner or later, the authorities would be compelled to take steps to combat it.

And now we can again play the rôle of prophet and reveal that the case just closed will be reopened.

Numerous countries, of which Great Britain is only one, are co-operating in a colossal investigation into a world-wide traffic in the manufacture and circulation of spurious insurance stamps and similar forgeries.

Who is the master mind behind the forged stamp plot in England? It is possible that we shall very soon know . . . Below is the Pole, Najmark, sentenced at the Old Bailey for his part in smuggling forged stamps into this country

Master mind

An amazing thing is that the man who is the master mind behind the forgers, so far as this country is concerned, is still at large, carrying on his illicit associations unhindered and unpunished.

His name was not even mentioned in the court proceedings.

Najmark, Popielek and Turek were men of great cunning, and possessed old-standing business interests in England through which they had hoped to convince the authorities that their visits to and from this country were legitimate.

They were certainly not the type of men who would light-heartedly handle any crooked or risky job unless there was money in it, and big money, too.

With the aid of numerous agents, they assured themselves that a lucrative "market" existed here for the sale of forged health, pension and unemployment stamps, provided they appeared to be genuine enough to hoodwink the authorities.

And as their forgeries were so perfect that some of the greatest experts were deceived when called in by Scotland Yard, the Poles knew they had very little to fear on that score.

We can disclose that, in London alone, there are upwards of thirty agents who, realising that fat profits could be easily made from covert deals in these forgeries, had planned to buy and sell "blocks" of the stamps once they had been safely landed from the Continent.

The master mind of this gang is a wealthy man of alien origin, whose name has constantly cropped up in police enquiries into all kinds of commercial frauds.

He is known to be a "behind the scenes" financier of highly speculative and shady businesses, and, maintaining a fine residence in Suburbia and a magnificent country house, has offices in the East End district of London, and also in the Midlands.

While we cannot, for obvious reasons, disclose his name at the moment in these columns, it is available, with those of some of his chief accomplices, for the authorities at any time.

This man's fortune has been built up from the profits filched from a succession of textile companies which have mostly ended disastrously for everyone but himself.

His general procedure has been to obtain huge consignments of goods on credit terms through a small army of dummy "agents," and then to dispose of them as quickly as possible for cash through mushroom firms run by a further group of accomplices.

When the stamps conspiracy was in its early stages he constantly met agents at a West End hotel, as far back as in the spring of last year, and negotiated with them the sale of the forgeries on they were smuggled into this coun He saw from the outset the great pos bilities in the handling of these smugg products.

Numerous confederates, mostly of al origin, who have been associated w him repeatedly in dubious transact were willing to buy "blocks" at go prices so long as they themselves had profitable "corner."

And as something like 50 per ce represented the agreed profit on the sa of the stamps after the smugglers h been "bought out," this man had difficulty in finding agents to carry o his fraudulent designs.

The organisation necessary to furth his plans was already in existence.

Having for years played a leading pa in disposing of fraud lently obtained stoc in the bankrupt te tile concerns he h financed, he thus h at his finger-tips a l of unscrupulou clients who, havi had secret dealings a dubious characte with him in the pas could be trusted to re spect his confidence i the profitable ne "line" now to b exploited.

The forged stamp in blocks, would ap peal to them becaus all had businesses o their own in Londo and elsewhere, an since they employe staffs in some case numbering a hundre or two, would sa considerable sums b the purchase of th forgeries at suc tempting terms.

The necessar agents were all the too, for the master mind has for yea employed a number of hirelings, some whom have criminal records, to ass him in "marketing" his stolen proper These knew the dubious business me with whom their chief had dealt in th past, and could safely negotiate wi them the stamp deals of the future.

The confession

We know that Scotland Yard di covered, more than a year ago, tha several such deals were actually carre out by agents of this gang.

Chief-Inspector Gooch made th chance discovery while collaborati with the German police concerning number of £100 Bank of England not which were being circulated in Lond and on the Continent.

Officials of the Bank of England i formed Scotland Yard that they we growing extremely uneasy about the in creasing number of baffling banknot forgeries, and several detectives, inclu ing Detective-Inspector Minter, one o the most capable of the Yard's investi gators, visited several foreign cities, in cluding Danzig and Berlin.

Their enquiries led them to detain young Englishman who, previously t the pay of the master criminal we hav mentioned, was in Berlin in connectio with a fresh consignment of forgeries that was ready for transport to th country.

He was taken to the German polic headquarters in Berlin and closel questioned. By this time Detectiv Inspector Minter and his colleagues were in possession of information concerning some of his previous operations i London, and he found it very difficult t

A Bogus Doctor "Operates"

A DANGEROUS adventurer is touring the country at the present time in the guise of a medical practitioner. He impudently poses as "Dr. Dean," and states that he is a surgeon attached to one or another of London's most famous hospitals.

He arrived at a Harrogate hotel a short while ago and booked a suite of rooms. The manager of this establishment was a friend of a local clergyman, whose name "Dr. Dean" gave as a reference.

After staying there for a week, during which time he lived extravagantly, he departed without paying his bill and took with him everything of value he could lay his hands upon.

While at the hotel he made a number of acquaintances by telling a convincing story that he was attached to the Middlesex Hospital, London, where he had been working so hard that the committee had ordered him away for a complete rest.

He had chosen Harrogate not only on account of its beneficial air, but because he had so many medical friends practising in the vicinity.

"Dr. Dean," in fact, mentioned many celebrities by name, people who had never even heard of him! One of the names he misused was that of a famous local surgeon.

In this way he found it easy to cash many cheques which have since been returned marked "No Account." He also obtained goods from various tradespeople by fraud.

And when he finally departed from Harrogate he took with him a six-seater car of the latest design. He obtained this by calling at a garage and, passing as the friend of a well-known Roman Catholic priest with whom he was supposed to be staying, agreed to purchase the car if a "trial run" was satisfactory.

The "trial run" is still on!

In all parts of the country "Dr. Dean" is performing similar operations. Sometimes he varies his story by pretending that he is the student son of an Australian millionaire who is shortly settling a fortune upon him.

It is to be hoped that his activities will soon be brought to an end by the police, who are now being inundated with complaints about him.

Conspiracy —AMAZING DISCLOSURE

A view of Lemberg, where the Polish forgers work

Master Criminal and his Gang Still at Large

evade the searching questions which were eventually put to him.

In the end, he volunteered information not only regarding the Bank of England note forgeries, but concerning the existence of an underworld factory in Lemberg, South Poland, which was manufacturing forged English stamps.

As a result of this dramatic and unexpected turn in events Chief Constable Horwell at Scotland Yard extended enquiries all over the Continent. Bit by bit scraps of information were pieced together, and, some months ago, after a number of other foreigners with English connections had been questioned, two notorious international criminals named Louis Brouer and Henri De Rooy were arrested and sentenced at The Hague for smuggling forged Bank of England notes into Great Britain.

Sold in London

It has since been definitely established that they were agents of the same gang which, through the instrumentality of the three Poles who were convicted the other day at the Old Bailey, was manufacturing the forged English stamps.

The informant in this case admitted to the police that he had previously acted as an agent in England.

In fact, we can reveal that, fifteen months ago, he was actually selling, for the East End master criminal, forged stamps in London!

So, indeed, were two other agents whose names constantly figured in the recent Old Bailey proceedings.

Though these men were not put into the witness-box, they had both volunteered information to Scotland Yard that a gang existed in this country for the handling and "marketing" of the forged and fraudulent script from Lemberg.

One London man who was discreetly approached by a member of the gang was frankly amazed at the offer made to him.

He was asked to buy for £5,000 a block of stamps the face value of which was five times that figure.

Mysterious source

He promptly laid information with Scotland Yard, but before any action could be taken the negotiator had vanished.

But the gang's activities do not end even here.

For a long time past the police authorities have been endeavouring to discover the mysterious source from which undesirable aliens have been able to obtain forged passports which, except under the most minute and expert examination, have completely defied detection.

The records at Scotland Yard contain scores of cases in which foreigners with criminal records have been discovered in this country, enjoying our hospitality as privileged guests, whose passports and other printed credentials "permitting" them to remain have been clever forgeries sold to them by agents here.

A recent typical case relates to a much-convicted Continental rogue who enjoys the distinction of having been deported from England on two different occasions. He was recently arrested here in possession of a forged passport which had been sold to him at a London hotel for £60.

The gang, through agents in London, has found no difficulty in disposing of the passports for anything from £50 to £100 each.

There seems to be no end to the scope of its nefarious operations. For, besides bogus stamps, bank-notes and passports it has also circulated faked bonds, shares, loan stock, international securities, and even betting and entertainment stamps.

The extent of this organisation's ramifications is illustrated by the following story: Two members of the gang were detained a few weeks ago by Scotland Yard officers after a prolonged search had been carried out in the Home Counties by Chief Inspector Sands.

Both were in the possession of forged passports. Both had associated with undesirable individuals believed to be acting as agents here. Both were found in possession of forged *American* notes.

Both admitted that they had negotiated forged notes in different parts of England; and both had been closely associated with international rogues who have for a long time been "wanted" in New York and Chicago for circulating forged Bank of England notes produced at the factory in Lemberg!

Only last week a special squad of Scotland Yard detectives was making enquiries concerning a further supply of forged notes now in circulation. And, simultaneously, other detectives in North London were endeavouring to find a man who is known to have bought within the last few weeks a "block" of the forged stamps from agents of the gang who, despite the Old Bailey proceedings, are still busy "marketing" them!

One of the men whose operations the police should closely investigate is a person who at one time was very active in furthering the "English side" of this amazing traffic in forgeries. He is a much-convicted individual who deserted the British Army during the war.

This rogue has been a member of the master criminal's gang for years, and, in order to save his own skin, might be induced to "talk" if the authorities can get hold of him.

If—as is certain to be the case—proper steps are quickly taken, we are sure to hear a good deal more of the great stamp forgery conspiracy.

Detective Inspector Salusbury (right), and Detective Sergeant Greeno, whose fine work in arresting Najmark and his accomplices may lead to the round-up of a world-wide criminal organisation

TWISS *the* TWISTER

THAT amazing impostor, Kenneth Twiss, the bogus "secret service" man who describes himself as "Captain, of the U.S. Government," is heading for trouble.

Some months ago we revealed how Twiss victimised a number of young girls and women with whom he got in touch through the medium of advertisements in the "personal" columns of morning newspapers.

He is undoubtedly an individual of surprising cunning and duplicity—and a daring impostor, to boot. His latest rôle is that of "nephew" to one of the directors of the Imperial Tobacco Company of Canada, Ltd., of Montreal.

This is a flagrant imposture, of course; but it provides a fair example of his ready invention and plausibility.

Recently he had the impertinence to call upon a responsible member of the British-American Tobacco Company, of Millbank, London, and on the strength of this pretended relationship secure assistance in a "temporary difficulty."

The tale he pitched would have impressed any but the experienced business men he now sought to impress with his hard-luck story.

Enquiry by cable sounded the bottom of his story within a matter of twenty-four hours; and in less than a week came the information that he had previously called at Imperial offices in Canada, with a similarly fantastic tale.

Twiss is not only a trickster of the first water, but he is a self-confessed liar. Using the headed notepaper of a well-known London hotel he has now had the effrontery to repeat his efforts to obtain a loan from yet another responsible official of the famous tobacco company, and telling the same tale.

Enquiry shows that he has not stayed at the hotel whose notepaper he so freely uses; and another address he gave in Guilford Street has turned out to be an empty house.

It was for irregular practices of this kind that he was deported from the United States. We don't want him in this country, either!

18 YEARS AGO—

In 1916 a JOHN BULL reader received one of JOHN BULL'S Fountain Pens. It still has the same pen point . . . eighteen years after, and he says it is "still good for years yet."

Decide right away to get one of these magnificent JOHN BULL Pens for yourself. You can do so and incidentally save money by cashing JOHN BULL Pen coupons. Turn to page 2 now while you think of it.

Flight from the strife of the every day to the balm of the sparkling sea . . .

When Whitsun Comes . .

by A. G. Gardiner

IT is true, no doubt, as the hymn says, that "the world is very evil: the times are waxing late." But, in spite of all, "cheerfulness keeps breaking in," and with the coming of Whitsuntide our thoughts turn to the agreeable subject of holidays.

The outlook on that subject is more promising than has been the case since the cloud of depression settled over the world four or five years ago. Trade is better, there are more people at work, and the partial restoration of the "cuts" in the pay of hundreds of thousands of people in the public employ will increase the margin available for holiday expenditure.

There is the prospect of a more prosperous summer before the seaside resorts than has been the case for a long time past, and given favourable weather the coming holiday season should do much for both the health and happiness of our people.

Not all will have their share in this release from the strain and routine of everyday life. One has only to think of the distressed areas, like those of Durham and South Wales—areas in which unemployment is almost universal and the struggle for bare existence on the pittance from the Insurance Funds admits of no extravagance like a week at the seaside—to appreciate that.

I hope the time is not distant when the annual holiday will be an established part of the scheme of industry, provided for out of its finances as an essential element of efficiency.

☆ ☆ ☆

For the annual holiday is not a luxury merely: it is a necessity. The human machine runs down like any other machine, and requires periodical overhaul. No one who is familiar with the remarkable results of the investigations into "industrial fatigue" can doubt the practical importance to industry itself—apart from the individual—of this annual renewal of spirit, mind and body.

And a holiday is not only a joy in itself. It is a means of reconciliation to the routine of life. We get sick of home, the daily grind and the monotony of things, and we have to go away periodically if only to get home-sick again.

Even the most enjoyable holiday finds us at the close reconciled to going back. Strange experiences, new companionships, unfamiliar beds, the restraint of lodgings, however novel and delightful for a change, come to pall after a time. We grow sated with the pleasures of the beach, or the sea, or the road, and see our cottage in Beulah Crescent, Tooting, or Blenheim Crescent, Finchley, in a new and appealing light.

We yearn for the familiar ways, our own bed and our own sitting-room where we can do what we please and leave our slippers where we like.

A new radiance grows about the patch of garden that we have left behind, and we speculate on how the grass on the lawn will have grown in our absence and what trimming the hedge will need.

The 8.15 to town that was such an abominable tyrant becomes an affectionate memory, and the faces of fellow-workers in office or factory that we had grown tired of seeing recover in absence the attractions that familiarity had dulled.

In a word, we are all rather like the elderly couple I once saw on the platform of a small seaside station, sitting on a form as if waiting for a train. But they were not waiting for a train. They were, as the woman explained to a friend, just watching the trains going back to where they had come from. "Eh," she said in a burst of confidence, "you do miss your own bed and your home comforts when you are on a holiday."

I did not conclude from this that her holiday had been a failure. It had been a great success. It was sending her home reconciled and happy. She had been sick of home and tired of its petty worries, and now she was homesick once more and wanted to see the familiar shops, and make the beds, and gossip with her neighbours and prepare the evning meal and do all the things that had grown wearisome to her, but which she now discovered to be the real source of her happiness.

As Hosea Biglow says:

"*We're cur'ous creeturs: now ain't jest the minnit*
That ever fits us easy while we're in it.
Long ez 'twas future 'twould be perfect bliss.
Soon ez it's past, thet time's wuth ten o' this."

☆ ☆ ☆

And that is the case with holidays—and the case for holidays. However much we enjoyed them at the time, we enjoy them more in retrospect. They irradiate the memory.

I had a delightful holiday last year—one of the most enjoyable in a longish life. But I am sure it did not seem to me such a miracle of happiness while it was going on as it seems to me now that I look back upon it. No earthly holiday could possibly be quite so good as that one seems—now it is over. And the further off it gets the richer is the glow that gathers about it.

And though this modern world, to quote the hymn again, is "very evil," it is a better world than it used to be, and in few respects has it more decidedly changed for the better than in the marvellous growth of the holiday habit.

When I was a boy, fifty or sixty years ago, such a giddy ambition as a week at the seaside was undreamed of by the average working-class family, and even the extravagances of the tradesmen and the fairly well-to-do did not extend beyond a fortnight at Margate or Brighton or Blackpool. Foreign travel was practically unknown except to the rich.

A revolution which would have been incredible to our grandfathers has taken place in the interval.

☆ ☆ ☆

For evidence of it, look at the astonishing growth of the seaside resorts. The whole of the South Coast has become a string of populous towns dedicated to the holiday-maker. There is hardly a cove from Dover to Penzance which does not swarm with holiday crowds from May on to September. And it is much the same with the East Coast and the West.

The holiday business has become one of the great industries of the country. Travel has been democratised, and institutions like the admirable W.T.A., as well as the business travel agencies, have made the Continental holiday a commonplace for tens of thousands of people who a generation ago would have thought of a trip to Switzerland or Italy as about as practicable as a trip to the moon.

It is not only the wholesome appetite for leisure and the passion

"*For to admire and for to see,*
For to be'old the world so wide,"

that have grown. The facilities for the satisfaction of that appetite have marvellously developed, and in being developed have stimulated the appetite itself.

Who can measure the contribution which the internal combustion engine made to the expansion of the holiday movement? The motor coach and the motor car have brought the distant near and have made the holiday a new and thrilling experience for multitudes.

In the last two or three years we have seen spring up another delightful holiday phase. We are an island people, but only now are we learning the delights of an ocean holiday, and thousands to whom the Mediterranean was only a name are becoming as familiar with Algiers as their fathers were with Southend.

And in this vision of the holiday season that has now begun we must not forget that splendid movement for the discovery of England, not long ago inaugurated by the Youth Hostels Association, and now in full swing. I do not remember how many hostels have been set up, but I know that now the youth of England can tramp from end to end over down and moorland, mountain and forest, and find a bed for the night and a breakfast in the morning wherever they go for the price of a packet of cigarettes.

Yes, the world is very evil, but there are still a lot of good things in it. And in spite of all our croakings, it is a better place to live in than it ever was.

Not from the B.B.C.—Alderman E. F. Pettman, Mayor of Margate, announces—

Glad News for Newlyweds

IT'S Honeymoon Month at Margate,
So why should you now delay?
Be quick! Make haste
So you may taste
This "marry" month of May,
At bargain rates provided—
There's little you'll have to pay—
The priceless boon
Of a honeymoon
At Margate!

It's Honeymoon Month at Margate
And Paradise seems quite near;
So be not coy
If you'd enjoy
The breezes on the pier,
Where you'll consort with curates
And colonels, too, this year!
And surely this
Should crown your bliss
At Margate?

Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! Margate's Honeymoon Month begins on May 18, and already three hundred couples—the prospective bridegrooms including curates, military officers and even J.P.s—have decided that Margate's the place in which to begin married life.

Indeed, the inducements offered by the Council are such that many others who are hesitating on the brink of matrimony, like Serpentine swimmers on a frosty morning, will undoubtedly take the plunge.

The chief of these inducements is that each couple will be welcomed by me in my parlour and will be presented with a leather wallet containing my photograph and that of the Mayoress.

But we are also offering minor attractions, such as free passes to municipal games and bathing stations and free sea trips. And, lest a newly-married curate should object to mixed bathing and feel uncomfortable on the rolling deep, we are providing a free pass to every kinema in the town, so he will be able to accept Mae West's invitation to "Come up and see me some time."

With such varied attractions it is anticipated that many people will marry who have never married before. And doubtless many who married years ago will repent their unseemly haste when they realise what they are missing.

Our Honeymoon Month will actually last six weeks, but even this period is likely to prove too short for our joyous adventurers. I fully expect that more than one angry colonel will complain that it was over before he had finished saying "Snooky ookums."

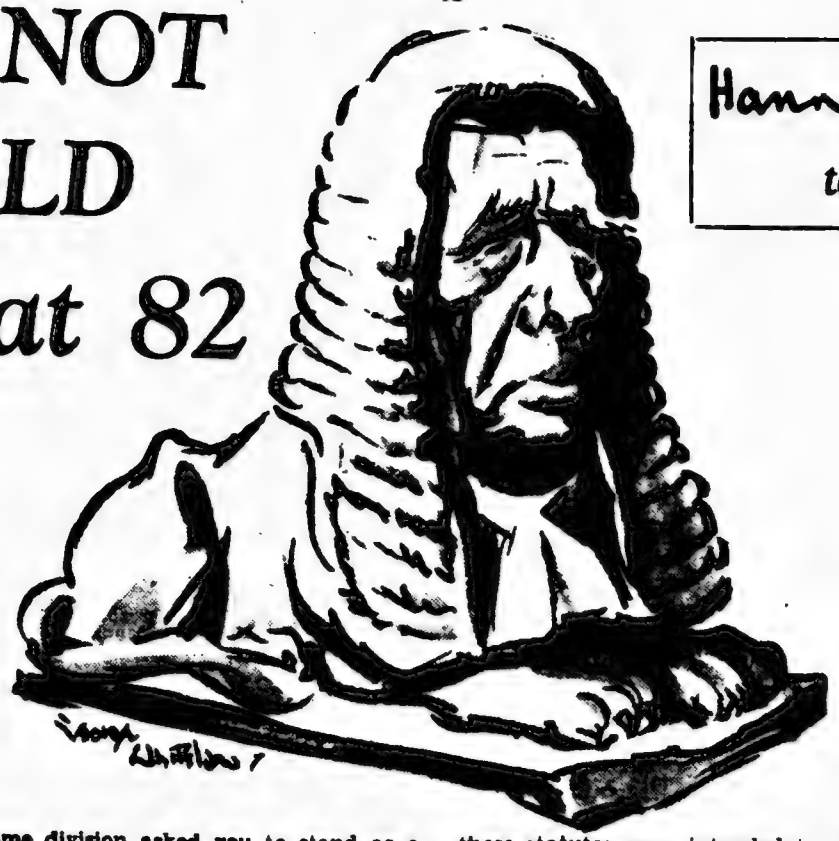
No other municipality has gone so far in an effort to make matrimony not only bearable but positively enjoyable, or to make honeymooners feel blessedly inconspicuous, by surrounding them with others in the same line of business.

For those who have tarried,
Remaining unmarried,
Now Margate's removed at least one dread:
While two newly-wed may
Cause nods of the head, they
Are safe when they number six hundred!

So curates will capture
A fine careless rapture,
J.P.s become suddenly frisky,
While colonels will swear that
The taste of the air that
Surrounds them is finer than whisky!

With kinemas, sea trips,
And all kinds of free trips,
Rich joys they will sample *in toto*;
Then think of possessing
The Mayor's private blessing
And, what is more thrilling, his photo!

YOU'RE NOT TOO OLD at 82



Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to Mr. Justice Avory

DEAR SIR HORACE,—Sometimes I see you in the late afternoon walking past my rooms, going nearly as slowly as a tortoise, as reserved and self-contained as a chow, and yet with a look as baffling as the Sphinx itself.

Sometimes youngish journalists coming to Fleet Street regard me as an old man. I am fifty-four. Yet you are nearly thirty years older than that. Now, although over eighty-two, you have just gone out on circuit duty again, as competent as ever!

I only hope that when I am thirty years older I can function as efficiently as you do. For while rumours of your retirement spread, every now and then, I have never heard it said of you, "It's about time the old man retired."

You have been called a hard judge—the "Black Cap" judge. Indeed, you yourself have stated, "I have been described as 'The Sphinx' and 'The Acid Drop.' All these things I have borne with equanimity."

You, of all the judges now on the Bench, possess what we can best call "character." You are unflinching. You care not what you criticise. You have been relentless in administering the law. You are, in many ways, an example to all those members of the younger generation who think that, merely because they are young, they are entitled to all the fat jobs, who imagine that all the old men ought to be removed painlessly, and that they should take their places.

Often judges have, in the past, been appointed because of their political views, because they sat in Parliament and had a safe seat—one that their own side, the Government, would not lose in a by-election.

You, on the other hand, have kept out of all that. When you had successfully defended some strikers at Maidstone, they asked you to stand as a Radical candidate, and, not long after, when you prosecuted, with equal success, other Radicals who had created a disturbance in a vestry hall in the same area, the same division asked you to stand as a Conservative!

To you, this was obnoxious—that success in a case in which you were employed, on one side of politics or another, should be regarded as the beginning of a biased career in Parliament.

"I considered these two offers," you remarked, "and decided to have nothing more to do with politics."

No, as you walk along the Strand after your day's job in the Law Courts, and you stroll past Charing Cross Hospital, and through Leicester Square, on your way home, you can look the whole world in the face.

You have defended the judges in what many of us considered their very difficult position in regard to the "cuts."

"While we were willing to contribute to the general scheme of economy," you declared at the Mansion House, "to bring us within that scheme we have been classified and relegated to the position of servants of the Crown, a position which is in direct contravention to the Act of Settlement and subsequent statutes."

Now it is generally understood that these statutes were intended to ensure, for all time, that judges should be independent of any Government. That is more important to-day than it has been for centuries. For, as centralisation develops—and it is bound to, under any form of Government—bureaucracy will be the chief danger which the nation will have to combat.

It would be criminal if the Courts of Justice became, in any way, part of it.

"Do we hope in vain that a National Government will find an opportunity of erasing this blot from the written Constitution of the country?" you asked.

You, like many others, have hoped in vain for things from the National Government.

You protested against the abolition of grand juries, sacrificed on the altar of economy. They may have seemed old-fashioned to many people. The truth is that any opportunity given to any group of people, or any single individual, of standing between the criminal and punishment was part of our cherished ideas of justice.

Then, again, you have ignored the police's claim to "privilege," their demand that they could refuse to produce signed statements, on the plea that they were "confidential documents."

"I cannot produce my diary and notes without directions," declared a detective-sergeant.

"I give them," you replied, immediately.

Then, when an official from the Ministry of Labour was taking away some documents from Court, and counsel said, "I cannot order you to leave them," you immediately replied, "I can, and I do."

They say you are severe. Anyway, your judgments have almost invariably stood the test of appeal.

You look like a Dickens character. You are a Dickensian. You never smile on the Bench. You look as calm as marble.

I do not like your defence of capital punishment. But then your views are the views of most judges in this country.

Anyway, it was Browne, who murdered P.C. Gutteridge, who said of you, "I could not have wished for a fairer judge."

And he was hanged.

It seems incredible to think that you defended a man who committed murder in the year of the Indian Mutiny. True it is that he did not give himself up for twenty-two years. The policeman to whom he surrendered himself at Horsham had never heard of the murder and would not believe him. But, under pressure, he arrested the man, who said, "I have never known happiness since I committed the crime."

In time that was to come you tried Patrick Mahon, of the Mumbles; Vaquier, the French poisoner; Thorne, the Crowborough murderer, and Browne and Kennedy.

You also sent to prison Clarence Hatry and his fellow-criminals. What a career!

When you retire there will pass from the sphere of public life a devotee of justice renowned for his austerity.

Justice should not be blind, whatever they say. Bandages should be put on wounds, not eyes.

You, old as you are, are still wide awake.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Rt. Hon. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN,
Chancellor of the Exchequer

DEAR SIR,—I am angry beyond measure that the Land Value tax is to be scrapped entirely.

Here was as fair a tax as any that could be devised; a tax that would do much to stop the gross profiteering on land that, once agricultural, has been made valuable by public roads, transport and other systems.

Now to please the wealthy supporters of the Government, the profiteers are still to make fortunes at the public expense without giving a penny in return.

I can only describe the action of yourself and your colleagues as contemptible.

JOHN BULL.

Very Rev. WILFRED YOUARD,
Dean of Battle, Sussex

REVEREND SIR,—Knocking a policeman off his bicycle, you were summoned for driving without due care and attention.

The Eastbourne magistrates thought it wasn't a very serious case, so they let you off with a 5s. fine.

You were lucky. Other people who have knocked a policeman down have found it very, very serious!

JOHN BULL.

Mr. ALBERT McINROY,
Newcastle United F.C.

DEAR ALBERT,—Goalkeeper of international fame, you were the idol of Tyneside football lovers until an injury to your hand put you out of the game a few months ago.

Now, as you say, "you are thrown on the scrap-heap." Had you been signed-on for a further season you would have been entitled to a benefit of £650, and I'm not surprised you feel aggrieved.

I should like to see a generous gesture from the club to which you gave many seasons of good service. All good sportsmen, I know, will agree with me.

JOHN BULL.

LADY MUIR: Can't shed tears over your protest that Diplomatic Service is closed to women. It's closed to men, too—except those from Eton.—JOHN BULL.

Mrs. PHYLLIS WATERS,
Ponthir, South Wales

WRETCH,—What a revolting story was unfolded when you and your husband were sent to jail for four months!

Your two-year-old child, unable to talk, walk or stand, condemned to lie on a filthy bed and never to be taken into the open air! It weighed only fifteen pounds, and no wonder a solicitor described the case as "damnable neglect and callous indifference."

Yes, your sentence was not a day too long.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. P. A. MORTON, J.P.,
Chipping Sodbury, Gloucestershire

DEAR SIR,—Advocating pensions for council workers at sixty-five, you said you recently saw an old and decrepit man, who should have been resting, working as a roadman while young unemployed men stood idly by.

This you described as one of the saddest sights of your life.

I'm afraid there is no hope for your excellent proposal so long as near-sighted cheeseparers rule the roast.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. H. C. FIELD,
Clifton Street, Swindon

DEAR MR. FIELD,—I have told how, nearly two years ago, £65 was stolen from your house—the money of a benefit society, of whose local branch you were secretary. From that time to the confession of the culprit a few months ago your home was clouded by suspicion and your mental agony increased by unkind gossip.

When the county court ordered you to make good the loss out of your life savings I expressed the hope that the benefit society would meet you in an understanding way. I am glad this is now being done.

May you long continue to enjoy the faith of your fellows!

JOHN BULL.

Mr. T. O. M. SOPWITH: That other Tommy—Lipton of "Shamrock" fame—would be proud to know you are to continue his efforts to lift America Cup. Success to you!—JOHN BULL.

Councillor W. R. BOYDELL,
Mayor of Leigh, Lancs

YOUR WORSHIP,—Speaking of the relief fund for relatives of victims in the recent pit disaster, you said there is a large amount of money left from previous funds. But you are legally advised that you can't touch it.

What, then, is to happen to it? Surely it shouldn't lie idle in the bank for ever!

Why not approach the powers-that-be and try to get them to move in the matter?

JOHN BULL.

The RURAL COUNCILLORS,
Blyth, Suffolk

GENTLEMEN,—Terrible overcrowding and lack of ventilation are said to be largely responsible for the high death-rate from tuberculosis in your district.

Yet you were just amused when told that tenants with windows that are not made to open were afraid to complain to their landlords.

If such evidence of petty tyranny can move you to mirth, your sense of humour is a sorry one.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. OLIVER STANLEY,
Minister of Transport

DEAR MR. STANLEY,—I hope you have noted the recent law-suits relating to motor accidents.

Not a week elapses without an insurance company disowning responsibility, so that the injured persons do not get a penny.

Why is nothing done to amend this disgraceful defect in the law?

JOHN BULL.

Miss RUTH GILES,
Lanchester Poor Law Institution

DEAR MADAM,—Once an artist of note, you have now fitted up a studio in your present abode and painted two pictures for the dining-hall, though you are now in your seventy-ninth year.

You have declined offers of more comfortable homes; no doubt your interest in your art enables you to remember the past without regret and find happiness even in your present humble circumstances.

I sincerely hope it is so.

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. SARAH J. CHRISTER,
Clough Dene, Durham

DEAR MADAM,—For thirteen years you have been an exile in Britain, for when you landed from Canada to see your dying mother you were robbed of all your money.

Then your sons fell out of work and could not help you to return. Now, at last, you are going back—the Durham public assistance committee paying your fare.

They were both wise and kindly to do so, and I hope your troubles will soon be ended.

JOHN BULL.

PARK DRIVE

for pleasure!

10 FOR 4D

PLAIN OR CORK TIP

ALSO IN CARTONS OF 5 FOR 2D

MAN with MANY 'WIVES' Exposed

A score of women saw their lover in Hamlet's role; but, alas! they were soon sorrowing Ophelias

TALL, dark and handsome. That is a brief but very apt description of a versatile adventurer named Brian Travers, who for some considerable time has been pursuing an astonishing career of fraud at the expense of women.

Travers looks anything but a crook. Well-dressed, well-mannered, and enjoying the benefit of a university education, he appears to be a perfect gentleman.

He is an actor by profession, but never acts professionally. He possesses a vast knowledge of the stage, and many are the stories he tells of the great character parts he has played.

He can recite, with befitting charm and eloquence, whole passages from Shakespeare, and often regales his victims with glowing accounts of some of his successes in the part of Hamlet.

Actually, Travers is a man who has mercilessly deceived countless women by proposing marriage to them for the sole purpose of robbing them of everything they possess.

Twenty-five victims

Since January of this year, indeed, at least twenty-five women have complained to the authorities about his atrocious conduct.

A few months ago Travers contrived to win the esteem of a young provincial widow who had had the misfortune to lose her husband in a motoring accident.

Meeting her through one of her friends, at whose hotel he stayed, he condoled with her in her grief, and they became gradually more acquainted.

It was not long before he discovered that she had been left in comfortable financial circumstances, and, while pretending that his only desire was to watch her interests, he secretly designed to divert as much as possible for himself.

His attentions were so thoughtful, and his stories so convincing, that the woman grew to respect him. He told her that a nervous breakdown had temporarily held up his stage career, but that he had an allowance coming to him shortly from his father, and that, if she would marry him, he would one day reach the peak of his profession and establish a luxurious home for them in London.

To lend colour to his story Travers on occasion went so far as to pay flying visits to London on the pretence of giving matinée performances for charity at certain West End theatres.

His "curtain"

When he returned he always feigned a temporary attack of "nerves" to suggest that the strain of playing a big part at even one performance was still a little too much for him.

Actually, as we shall show, his "matinée performances" were only staged to give him an opportunity of keeping in touch with other women, whom he was simultaneously duping elsewhere with similarly fantastic but convincing stories.

Travers lived at the expense of the provincial victim for more than four months. He borrowed large sums from her on various pretexts, promising repayment when his father returned shortly from Australia and settled a substantial sum upon him.

Then, one day, he staged his disappearance in one of the most spectacular ways it is possible to imagine.

His dupe, now that the date of their marriage was drawing near, had arranged to journey to London to make certain arrangements.

Travers induced her to go to Marylebone Register Office and lodge the preliminary particulars for their wedding, and agreed to follow her two days later.

He did not keep the appointment. Puzzled by his continued absence, and over the fact that no news whatever was forthcoming from him, the distracted woman went to Marylebone Police Station.

Enquiries revealed that he had left ostensibly for London on the previous day, but no one knew where he had gone.

The woman rushed back to her provincial home, where a greater shock awaited her.

She found to her dismay that Travers had taken everything of value and had even sold a business which had been left her by her husband.

Imagine her distress when she went to the local police for advice. She was told there that Travers was an adept at callous frauds of this sort, and that several warrants were in existence for his arrest in respect to other women he had likewise defrauded.

Widow was poorer

In another case he made the acquaintance of a widow through the matrimonial columns of a certain newspaper. He had advertised to the effect that he was a man of means and wanted to settle down in a country residence. In due course he proposed to this woman and a marriage was arranged.

Meanwhile, he had taken her to several country residences, and, with an elaborate display of his acting powers, actually negotiated with an estate agent for the purchase of one.

He told the widow that he proposed to spare no expense in furnishing their new home, and arranged to go to various London stores to select the choicest articles money could buy.

Then, before the purchase date came, he induced her to allow him to dispose of all her effects—the smaller house she owned, the furniture therein—in fact, everything that was not necessary for the new life they were to begin together.

And he just airily pocketed the proceeds—and repeated his usual vanishing trick.

Bride for a week

This second victim now knows that on the day following that on which he so heartlessly robbed her, he had actually proposed to another woman in the district, and obtained from her the sum of £50 by a trick, and left her bereft of all her jewellery.

These are just three typical cases. In all parts of the country dupes have experienced similar treatment at the hands of this handsome and amorous adventurer.

In one instance, in which he made the acquaintance of a middle-aged woman who owned considerable property, but who was not quite so confiding as some of his other dupes, he actually went through a church marriage ceremony in the assumed name of "Anthony Kildare."

Within a week he deserted her, and enriched himself to the extent of more than £1,800.

In one of his exploits he edited and published a matrimonial sheet, which he cunningly sent through the post to women whom he knew, from previous enquiry, to be possessed of substantial means.

Many answered the advertisements in this matrimonial publication. But all the announcements there were bogus, being concocted by Mr. Brian Travers himself.

In fact, the matrimonial sheet was produced solely with the object of effecting an introduction to people whom he had specially pre-selected as possible dupes.

More than a score of women were robbed through the medium of this bogus publication.

In order that the widest possible publicity can be given to this heartless rogue, we propose to set forth every alias by which he is known. They are:

Frank Parkyn Jones;
Frank Parkyn Jackson;
Anthony Bradshaw;
Brian Anthony Francis;
Claude Gilbert Traverse;
Frank Grayson;
Victor Graham;
Graham Roberts; and
Claude Hilbery.

The magnitude of his operations may be gauged by the fact that, apart from the typical cases we have cited, women victims are to be found as far apart as Taunton and Stockport, Leeds and Exeter, Edinburgh and Brighton, Manchester and Cork, London and Hull, Newcastle and Bath, Luton and Middlesbrough.

A cell for him

One or two sojourns in prison have quite obviously not deterred him from his amorous and fraudulent career.

For the truth is that since he came out of prison two years ago, for committing bigamy on three occasions, his crimes have been more persistent than ever, until, to-day, his only aim in life is to win the esteem of women by his romantic stories of the stage, and then rob and betray them.

And when, in conclusion, we add that he has victims in Italy, France and Canada, most people will agree that Brian Travers, in any name or guise, is a despicable blackguard, who should be put under restraint at the earliest possible moment, for the longest spell the law allows.

The Sleeping DOG

THIS is a true story of a dog—a loyal old dog whose identity we shall hide under the name of Bonzo.

A true friend and willing slave, as all good dogs are, he would have laid down his life rather than anyone he loved should suffer harm. And as for burglars—well, give him the chance to meet one.

Well, that chance came. Hence this story.

Left in charge of his home in Liverpool, while his mistress went shopping, he strutted about with that pride of ownership which only a housedog can achieve.

When she looked in for a moment during the course of her shopping and found him asleep on the mat she certainly wondered why there was no boisterous welcome. But the fact that a door she had left closed was open suggested that master had looked in, too, and that Bonzo had tired of welcomes.

Returning later to find Bonzo still apparently asleep on the mat, she soon found what was wrong.

The house had been burgled, cupboards and drawers in the bedrooms ransacked, and many articles of value stolen.

And poor Bonzo?—he was drugged, the victim, apparently, of a poisoned tit-bit and his own trustfulness.

Bonzo is better now. And he is pleased to see that his master and mistress are not worrying.

If he knew that JOHN BULL had sent them a cheque in respect of their losses—all because they had filled in at no cost such a coupon as you will find now on page 2, we would expect him to bark us his thanks.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

BIG MONEY FOR YOU.
Cochrane & Sons help you to make money. Ladies' Knickers, 5/6 doz. Sell at 9d. per pair. Overalls, 4/11 doz. Sell at 8½d each. Gent's Wool Socks, 4/6 doz. 1/- line for 8½d. pair. Hundreds of other bargains. Come and see us or write for Free Catalogue.—Cochrane's Wholesale Warehouse 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

FREE ILLUS PRICE LIST to Dealers and Beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, Haberdashery (wholesale only).—LEVY BROS., Dept. A. 39 Houndsditch, LONDON, E.C.3.

DRAPERY, Hosiery, Underwear and Boots, Illus. Catlg. for Credit Drapers and Beginners Post Free. Keenest prices (wholesale only).—M. Morris, 110-113, Houndsditch, London, E.C.3.

84-PAGE 1934 Wholesale Drapery Catalogue, Post Free. Perfect and repeatable goods of Quality and Value. Keenest Prices. All Depts. Ladies' Men's, Child's, Household Boots and Shoes. Satisfaction guaranteed, Wholesale only. Myers & Co. (L. & H.), Ltd., 7, Trinity St., Leeds.

A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY for Credit Traders, Shopkeepers and Beginners. Send for free Illus. Catlgs. of Household Fashion and Fancy Goods. — Dept. J.B., THE HOUNDSDITCH WAREHOUSE CO., LTD., Houndsditch, E.C.3.

DRAPERY, Remnants, Silk Sets, Pyjamas, Nights, Hose, Shirts, Bedding, etc. Wonder parcel, 10s.—The "Make Money" Trade List free. —Clegg, 22J, Turner Street, Manchester.

LADIES' Hosiery, Underwear. Buy for resale. Big profit. No risk. Illus. Cat. free. Beginners instructed. Rayon Silk Co. (J.), 9, Friday St., E.C.4.

KEEN LINES FOR BEGINNERS AND DEALERS. Hosiery and underwear our speciality. "Conlowe" underwear at lowest prices. Send for our free illustrated Catalogue. THE NEW WAREHOUSE, 146/7, HOUNDSDITCH, E.3.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

JUST PUBLISHED! John Noble's latest and greatest Book has set everybody talking. JOHN NOBLE'S WANT ORGANISERS OF WEEKLY CLUBS. The Ideal Club leads! Generous Commission for Organisers. Unbeatable Bargains for members. Established over 60 years. Thousands of enthusiastic organisers. Send p.c. now for 420-page Free Book.—John Noble, Ltd. (Dept. A7), Manchester.

EATONIAN XMAS CLUB.—Agents wanted. Free Gift & Art. Catlg. to every applicant. Highest genuine comm. in the trade. Special Prizes & Free Gifts. Huge selection Chocs., Toys, Fcy. Goods, Cigs., etc. No outlay. Don't delay, send p.c. to Eaton & Co. (Dept. A.), Lr. Wortley, Leeds, 12.

EARN £3 to £5 a week in your spare time selling exclusive dress fabrics to your friends, or in forming clubs. Wholesale prices direct from producers. Send for patterns.—Primrose Fabrics, 28, Oxford Street, Manchester.

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MOTOR DRIVERS
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PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.1.
And at Manchester and Birmingham.

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CHEAP PRINTING—Every description, large or small orders. Dup. Books, Catlgs., Folders, Mags., Stationery, etc., Samps. 2d. Meads (60), Sandy.

BARGAIN SALES

WALLPAPER DIRECT from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free.—WEST RIDING WALLPAPER Co., 52, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

CHINA. 120 articles, Jugs, Plates, Cups, Scrs., Mugs, &c., 10/-. 1,000 dinner sets FREE, 48 cups & scrs., 4/-. Glass & H'ware. Col. Catlg. & Guide, worth £'s, FREE. BridgeSt. Pottery, Dept. 9, Burslem.

WALLPAPERS from Mills from 2½d. roll. New designs. Patterns post free. — Osborne Mills (Dept. 5), Rochdale Road, Manchester.

SAVE MONEY by selecting a Hopper Cycle. 36-page catalogue of the 1934 models sent on receipt of a postcard. Prices from £3 19s. 9d. to £6 1s. 6d. Also on Non-Deposit Easy terms.—F. Hopper & Co., Ltd., Barton-on-Humber.

PORTABLE BUILDINGS (with steel braced corners) of all kinds on easy terms. Garden Sheds, Garages, Greenhouses, Bungalows, Poultry Houses. A novice can erect. Instructions supplied. Better and much cheaper than building yourself. Send for Free Illustrated Catalogue of 1,500 sizes and designs at sale prices.—J. Thorn & Sons, Ltd., Box 18, Brampton Road, Bexleyheath, Kent.

SELO and Selochrome roll films give you perfect snaps, for in difficult lighting conditions Selochrome's extra receptiveness ensures brilliant results. See ad. centre of this page.

BABY'S
BEAUTIFUL LONG CLOTHES, 20/-.
75 home-made garments. Worth £5. Handsome Shawl, Robe, Day Gowns, Flannels, Terry Napkins, Vests, Barrcs, Warm Nighties, Wool Coats, etc., etc. Everything complete and ready to use. Purchasers state "That materials alone would cost them more." Expectant Mothers, send 2/- for parcel on appro. (Bal. cash or terms).—Mrs. J. HOWARD, 66, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

'seen the snaps? . . .

they're MARVELLOUS!

. . . thanks to Selochrome Roll films

Selo and Selochrome Roll films will give you perfect snaps. Under difficult lighting conditions Selochrome's extra receptiveness will ensure brilliant results. Sizes to fit all cameras. Made by Ilford Limited, Ilford, London.

BRITISH non-combine WALLPAPER from 2½d. Latest designs now ready.—Write for free book. Eclipse Wallpaper, Shield Road, Newcastle-Tyne.

PRESERVE your Tennis Racquet with our Special Gut Reviver. Prolongs life of gut for seasons. Send P.O. 2/- (inc. carr.). Gee Bros. (Dept. T/1), 16, Dolphin Road, Slough, Bucks.

WALLPAPERS.—The famous Blakey Morris Pattern Book (the largest published) post free.—Blakey Morris (London), Ltd., Dept. J.B., 55-56, London Road, Southwark, S.E.1.

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WALLPAPERS from 2½d. roll. You should see the latest designs for 1934. Pattern Book post free.—Bruce & Hall (Dept. J.B.), South Shields.

FREE.—A handsome 36-p. illus. Cat. is offered in the ELSWICK CYCLE advt. on p. 31.

WONDERFUL WATCH BARGAINS! The Watch of the future, showing date, B.B.C. time, and usual figures, for only 1/6 deposit. Also "Aircraft" Shockproof Wrist Watch and Rolls de Luxe 1934 Dress Watch for only 1/- deposit for each. For full details of these wonderful offers see announcements of Aircraft Products in the "Shop Window" on page 3.

FREE.—A copy of "The Book of the Raleigh," which tells all about RALEIGH CYCLES. This is offered in the advt. on the Back Cover. When writing, mention *John Bull*.

PRESERVE your health and fitness by wearing a "Spencer" Supporting Corset.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, Spencer Corsets, Ltd., Banbury, Oxon, for further partics. See ad. on p. 28.

BOLENIUM Overalls with detachable buttons and unique non-slip brace buckles are always "worn by the man who knows." They are made to withstand the roughest treatment and to give years of reliable service. See p. 33.

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PIANO-ACCORDIONS, BANJOS, GUITARS, Drum Outfits, Wonderful 1934 Catalogue 44 pages free.—Terms, OLLY OAKLEY & RAYMOND, J.B., 5, LAURENCE POUNTNEY HILL, E.C.4.

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TENTS 7/3 to 3 gns. Also Bell Tents for Hire. Send for 40-Page Catlg. of Camping & Hiking Equipment.—Nuttall, 39, Goodmayes, ILFORD.

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AGED PEOPLE find Allenburys Diet grateful and comforting. Send 3d. stamps for 1-lb. trial sample.—Allen & Hanburys, Ltd. (Dept. J.B 4), 37, Lombard Street, London, E.C.3.

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RHEUMATIC sufferers should turn to the Alfred Bishop offer on p. 27 and write for a free booklet containing dietary chart and an offer of 30 days' trial treatment.

YOU will find the cost of baby's things and the dispensing of baby's own medicine so much more manageable if you do as so many other Mothers do—buy for baby at Boots. See page 6.

IF you suffer from nerves, try Phosferine, the greatest of all tonics. Turn to the announcement on p. 31 for further details of this excellent remedy.

INDIGESTION sufferers should not overlook the Clefa announcement on the back cover. When so many British doctors are satisfied with this excellent remedy, you, too, can take it with perfect confidence.

FREE.—Fennings' "Every Mother's Book." See p. 31.

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BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. —Bentley & Co., 65, New Bond St., London, W.1.

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50 SOLID Silver Cider Tankards free! Simply write on a postcard the circumstances under which you first tried Bulmer's Woodpecker Cider. For the best replies, 50 solid silver Tankards will be distributed free. When sending in your entry, be sure to mention *John Bull*. For address and further partics. see p. 23.

FOR a free Recipe Book, write to Kerr, Robinson & Co., Dept. HR104, Carrow Works, Norwich. See offer on page 25.

A SAMPLE of Kolynos Denture Fixative will be sent FREE to readers who write to the address in the advt. on p. 25.

MESSRS. CHIVERS, the makers of the famous Jellies with the real fruit flavours offer free to any *John Bull* reader who writes to them a copy of their Jelly Recipe Folder. Every housewife ought to have a copy of this. It tells also how to turn out a perfect Jelly. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Dept. P.3, Chivers and Sons, Ltd., Histon, Cambridge, and get your free copy of this interesting Folder now.

REASONS why you should use Poudre Tokalon are given in the announcement on p. 18.

POST TOASTIES are delicious, crisp Corn Flakes. Eat them with milk or cream and sugar, or with fruit—they are as nourishing as they are tempting to eat. Turn to p. 22, on which an interesting announcement appears.

HERE'S NEWS! Mrs. D. Cottington Taylor, the renowned cookery expert, offers this valuable suggestion to every housewife: "Make soups creamier and more delicious by using 'Quick Quaker Oats' in place of other thickenings." Next time you serve soup, try this more nourishing and delicious way.

COLGATE'S Dentifrice removes all kinds of stains, particularly those caused by the food we eat. Remove this deadly enemy of tooth brilliance by regular use of Colgate's, which leaves your teeth gleaming and stain-free. See p. 27.

FREE.—The valuable illustrated guide explaining all about Southend-on-Sea and its attractions will be sent to every reader who writes to the Corporation Inquiry Bureau, Pier Hill (21), Southend-on-Sea. See special announcement on p. 31.

FREE.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, for a special booklet offered by the Halifax Building Society on p. 33. This explains how the "Halifax" will help you to buy your house. No obligation is incurred when writing.

HOLIDAYS will soon be here now. A series of interesting guides, including an official guide, can be obtained by writing to the Advertising Manager, Morecambe and Heysham. Be sure to mention that this offer appears in *John Bull*. Turn to the announcement on p. 33.

A RELISH that everyone enjoys. Haywards Military Pickle is appetising, stimulating and digestive. See that you have a supply in the house. It is obtainable at all grocers. See p. 18.

Disgrace to a FAMOUS PRISON

Cardiff Prison

—Old Servant's Monstrous Dismissal

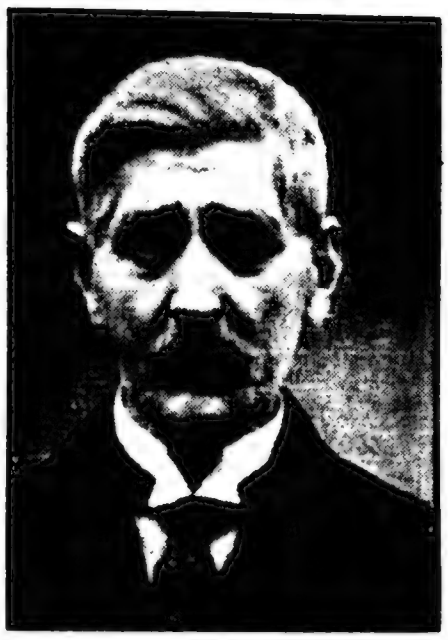
IT seems incredible that an Englishman can serve his country faithfully and well, employed under a department of the Home Office, for more than half his lifetime, and then be turned out—no longer wanted—without pension and without consideration.

Unbelievable! Yet it is true.

Frequently we have occasion in these columns to criticise the narrow, inhuman outlook of some Whitehall administrative office, but the case to which we now call attention is outstanding in its injustice and official meanness.

The department concerned is that of H.M Prison Commissioners; the man affected, Mr. Alfred Hopping, late prison guard.

Alfred Hopping was in the prison service for more than thirty-six years. Not only did he carry out his duties with unblemished record, but, at the end, when on night patrol duty at Cardiff Jail, the most famous prison in Wales, he was grievously wounded in preventing the escape of a dangerous prisoner.



Alfred Hopping—"he must not be left to struggle . . ."

His reward!

Thirty-six years' service, and injured in the execution of his duty; and yet nothing in the way of service pension or adequate recompense for all that he has fulfilled and suffered.

You have Alfred Hopping to-day, a man aged sixty-seven, living as a lodger in a poorly furnished back room, and "existing," as regards his personal needs, on the magnificent sum of 15s. a week: made up of 10s. in old-age pension and an allowance of 5s. from the local assistance committee.

Fine reward that for a man who has given the best years of his life to a public and essential service.

It was at Exeter—of which city he is a native—that Hopping enrolled as a temporary prison officer, and was stationed at the county jail.

After a little more than four years he resigned to take up civilian work, but soon decided that the prison service offered him more opportunities, and consequently rejoined.

He thinks differently now.

For thirty-two years then he continued in his prison duties. But always—and the point is important—because of the condition of his first enrolment, and the break, when he was employed elsewhere, he was graded as on the "temporary staff."

He passed the medical examination for permanent rank and was recommended for it, but in the wisdom of some official in the department of the Prison Commissioners no change was made in Hopping's category.

So he went on, year following year, as a "temporary." Hopping, at that stage, did not worry over the future very much. He thought, as anyone else would do in the circumstances: "Oh, it will be all right. They will treat me fairly."

As the years grew, he saw other men, doing the same work as he but with lesser service, retire into civilian life with pensions.

"Temporary" Prison Officer Hopping continued on duty.

Attacked

The story comes to a night in September three years ago. Hopping reported for duty at the main gate of the prison, and as he went in was handed a letter.

That communication was formal notice that his service must terminate owing to his age at the close of a month.

And within a few hours of receiving notice Hopping was lying unconscious in hospital—his head broken in a struggle with an escaping prisoner.

It was Hopping's tour of work to patrol the prison corridors as the night guard. He was on his rounds when out of the shadows behind a staircase a figure leapt at him.

An iron bar whirled upwards. There was a crushing blow, falling on Hopping's head. He tried to clutch his assailant, crying a warning, stumbled and fell into huddled insensibility down the stairs.

His assailant was a prisoner awaiting trial on a charge of robbery with violence. In some way the man had unlocked his cell door, and was creeping towards the prison courtyard when Hopping came upon him.

The escape was prevented, the man overpowered by other prison officers who raced up at the shouted alarm and the noise of Hopping's fall. As a fitting sequel the violent prisoner subsequently received a sentence of seven years' penal servitude, and fifteen strokes of the "cat."

For a month Hopping remained in hospital after that attack, and during that period his wages were paid to him, but when he was discharged as a fit man again and returned to his lodgings all regular payments ceased.

What he did receive was a total clearance in the way of "service gratuity" of £41.

And after that *nothing more at all.*

Thirty-six years' service; a grievous injury on the very night of "notice," and then £41.

Hopping was thrown entirely on his own resources. He could not have lived—once the £41 was expended—if he had not received assistance from public relief.

No service pension from the Home Office because he was scheduled as a "temporary!"

A "temporary" with thirty-six years of service. Preposterous!

The kind of crazy decision which would only appeal to a Whitehall-trained mind.

"Temporary" during thirty-six years. One may well ask when "permanency" begins in the definition of the Prison Commissioners.

Of course, it is impossible for Hopping at his age, and affected as he still is by the injury to his head, to obtain any sort of work to augment his old-age pension and the charity of public assistance.

No one cares

He is all alone; confined in his one-room dwelling—a man who has given the best of his life to the service of a State department and has received not even thanks. He might be in the gutter or in a pauper institution for all the directors of his old service care.

Efforts have been made to secure Hopping the service pension which in fairness is his due. The last prison governor from whom he took orders petitioned the Prison Commissioners' Department on his behalf.

All of no avail. The answer came back that as a "temporary" the full allowance possible had been made to ex-Prison Officer Hopping.

The local Member of Parliament took up the matter, and laid the whole facts before the Home Office. Once again the same kind of reply, that the rules of procedure could not be altered.

Have these people, who make such answers, no sense of what is right?

If Hopping had been accepted as a "regular" into the service he would have been entitled to a pension which would have removed all worry of the future from his mind. He would be living in comfortable retirement without a care in the world.

Instead he is existing below the poverty line. The case is a crying shame, a stigma on Whitehall.

The scandal of Alfred Hopping has become a byword throughout the prison service. It is discussed whenever prison officers meet, as an example of what may happen to all members of the "temporary grade."

Do they know?

Frankly, we cannot believe that the facts concerning Alfred Hopping have been represented to quite the right quarter in the Home Office.

Therefore, we appeal direct to the Home Secretary to reopen the whole question.

Alfred Hopping—for the credit of the Prison Commissioners—must not be left to struggle any longer without fair pension.

Tricky Trust

READERS in many parts of the country have written asking for our advice on circulars which they have received from the Imperial Trust Society, 163, Moor Street, Birmingham.

This society has apparently been formed for the "sole benefit of the members," who are urged to subscribe sixpence a week to the funds of the trust.

Each month all money so subscribed is placed in a special pool, which will be distributed to members at monthly intervals in £100 units.

To quicken interest in the scheme, the unblushing Mr. G. E. Wilson, who signs all correspondence, says:

"We guarantee that your name, if you become a member, will be allotted within the first twelve months, and that you will receive your £100 within that time."

Such abject nonsense would not deceive a schoolboy! Pay sixpence a week, and £100 falls into your hands within twelve months.

This is the absurd offer made by the mysterious Mr. Wilson to those who pay two shillings for the membership badge of the Imperial Trust Society.

Investigations show that this concern was housed for a few weeks in a seven-shillings a week office in Moor Street, Birmingham.

But the President of the Society, Mr. G. E Wilson, has since disappeared.

In the circumstances we are not surprised that this trust has collapsed, and that the organising genius who evolved this catchpenny scheme has left Birmingham in search of pastures new.

Huge Company Crash Sensation

OUR attention has been called to a serious error in the article appearing under this heading in our last week's issue, and the imputation which it inadvertently conveyed on the reputation of A. Gagniere and Co., Ltd.

Our article, which severely criticised certain concerns which had been engaged in the textile trade with headquarters in Golden Square, was unfortunately accompanied by a photograph of the premises in that square of A. Gagniere and Co., Ltd., who have not and never have had any connection whatever with any of the concerns mentioned in the article. None of these concerns was ever housed in those premises.

A. Gagniere and Co., Ltd., are and have always been a company of the highest reputation in the textile trade, and we desire to apologise unreservedly for the mistake and the injury thereby caused them.

Why I Use POUDRE TOKALON

1 Because it is blended with Mousse of Cream, stays on all day.

2 Completely does away with ugly shine even on the greasiest skin.

3 Gives a fascinating complexion no man can resist.

4 So marvellously fine because it is *seven times* silk sifted.

5 Absolutely pure; no particles of grit to harm the skin and clog the pores.

6 Gives *natural looking* beauty in which the powder itself is never even noticed.

7 Is wonderful value. Only 6d. Successful results guaranteed or money refunded.

Before you put your shoes on put "Cherry Blossom" on your shoes

To give extra wear to every pair.

Day after day some shoes are sent about their day's work with a rub of a cloth to brighten them up. Such scant attention shortens their life. To keep them fit, shoes need their daily polish with 'Cherry Blossom,' the dressing that feeds the leather and enables shoes to give of their best.

Cherry Blossom BOOT POLISH

Black, Brown, Dark Tan, Tonette and White.

In Tins, with easy opener, 1½d., 2½d., 4½d. and 6d.

CB/38/3

HAYWARD'S

MILITARY PICKLE

APPETISING, STIMULATING, DIGESTIVE.

Of all Grocers

HAYWARD BROS. LTD., KENNINGTON, S.E.11.

Whether you prefer a plain or cork-tipped cigarette, smoke the best

10 FOR 6D
20 FOR 11½D

PLAYER'S

PLAIN OR CORK-TIPPED

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. N.C.C.160.M

A Contemptible "OLD CONTEMPTIBLE"

THIS is a new and remarkable kind of "Pilgrim's Progress," in which people throughout Wales have been shamefully deceived.

It concerns the exploits of one, "Lieut.-Commander" Henry William Pilgrim, R.N., and the fortunes of the "Old Contemptibles of Wales."

For the commencement of the story, I must turn back to the closing months of 1932, when this same "Lieut.-Commander" Pilgrim made a sudden appearance in public life.

In November of that year, an advertisement was inserted in the Press inviting all Welshmen who had fought with the original British Expeditionary Force, 1914, to assemble in a hall at Cardiff for a purpose which would prove of interest to them.

Many veterans gathered in response to the call, and had the pleasure of meeting "Lieut.-Commander" Pilgrim, who was responsible for the advertisement.

Successes

Now these trusting ex-Service men found Pilgrim rather impressive and very persuasive. He talked a great deal, and he made out an excellent case on these lines:—

Although a great number of Welshmen fought with "the contemptible British Army," there was no special organisation in existence to bind the survivors together in comradeship and mutual aid. Why not an association to be called the "Old Contemptibles of Wales"?

"Splendid," thought the meeting; "just what is needed," and there and then the "Old Contemptibles of Wales" became an accomplished body. With enthusiasm "Lieut.-Commander" Pilgrim was elected national chairman and treasurer.

Generous response

It was agreed also that the annual subscription should be half a crown, and on the spot founders of the association paid over their money to the new treasurer.

From that day the "Lieut.-Commander" became active in the interests of his ex-Service movement.

He has solicited and obtained subscriptions for the association from numerous influential personages. Peers of the realm and commoners alike have been generous in their assistance.

Pilgrim travelled throughout the country, forming local groups of "Old Contemptibles," and eventually had established twelve different branches in centres ranging from Pembroke to Monmouth.

He organised an "Old Contemptibles" dinner, which was a fine success. The Lord Mayor of Cardiff was present, and the majority of the guests at the top table were distinguished and titled men.

Noble achievements

At that function Pilgrim was a conspicuous figure with his impressive array of miniature war medals and decorations.

On occasions, questions were asked about some of the more unusual of those medals. One was the King Edward Coronation award, which Pilgrim declared he had gained because, as a boy, he sang in the choir at Westminster Abbey at that coronation.

Another he affirmed was the Delhi Durbar decoration.

As for his war service, he always claimed that he had been a member of the Naval brigade which was despatched to assist in the defence of Antwerp.

One other achievement of Pilgrim's was to arrange a tour of "Welsh Old Contemptibles" last summer to Mons and the battlefields of Flanders.

"Old Contemptibles" on parade again in London. Their Welsh comrades were betrayed . . .

A loan

For this, members of the association subscribed in advance no less than £173, and just before the party left Cardiff, Pilgrim obtained a loan—in the name of the "Old Contemptibles"—through the Belgian Consul of another £200. This extra money was needed, apparently, to meet *unexpected contingencies.*

Now for the sequel to all this. Certain difficulties arose in the spring of this year between members of the "Old Contemptibles" and "Lieut.-Commander" Pilgrim, and as a result he relinquished his office of national chairman and treasurer.

Since then an investigation committee has discovered some of the liabilities the association inherited from its principal founder, and former chief official.

The banking account of the organisation has been inspected by a solicitor, with the result that donations received by Pilgrim cannot be traced as having been paid into the account.

Regarding the trip to Mons, the balance-sheet, prepared by Pilgrim, shows that the expenses were £151—as against the subscriptions from members of £173.

But there is no record of the £200 loan obtained through the Belgian Consul. *There is no indication that any of this money was expended on behalf of the "Old Contemptibles of Wales," and it has not been repaid to the Consul.* As a matter of hard fact, the members are faced with a liability to refund the £200.

Most of the members are poor men; many of them are unemployed, and yet they are struggling bravely to reimburse the Consul. They are determined that the financial honour of the "Old Contemptibles of Wales" shall not be sullied.

Twice "Lieut.-Commander" Pilgrim has been asked to attend at a Cardiff solicitor's office to deal with some of the outstanding problems of his administration of the association, but he has ignored the request.

I am not surprised that the "Old Contemptibles of Wales" have discovered the conduct of Pilgrim unsatisfactory, for I know something about the man.

Investigations show that he is not entitled to call himself lieutenant-commander at all. He served in the Royal Navy, it is true, but as a sick ward attendant. He never held commissioned rank.

He is a poseur and a dangerous one at that. He describes himself, in civilian life, as a traveller and agent, but has no regular and lucrative means of livelihood.

He has an unfortunate habit of running into debt, and there are traders in South Wales and elsewhere who are vainly trying to extract payment from him.

Position misused

The operations he has since carried out in South Wales in connection with the "Old Contemptibles" are of an ambitious character.

From the information in my possession there is a great deal of financial manipulation which Henry William Pilgrim should be made to explain.

Without question, he has misused his position as national chairman and treasurer.

Free from his influence, the "Old Contemptibles of Wales" will continue and prosper.

But the activities of Pilgrim should most certainly be curtailed at the earliest opportunity.

WEEKLY INFORMATIONS *from Major-General Sir Wyndham Childs*

WOLF *in a* NEW SKIN

IN a small office in Kingly Street, Regent Street, London, a new concern has begun operations which call for immediate comment.

This business, which bears the charming and attractive title of "Gladys," has apparently been established to carry on the work of shippers, merchants and stock-buyers.

It is not often that lovely woman, as we at first imagined Gladys to be, enters the realms of commerce in this way.

Within a short time of the office being opened, advertisements similar to the following began to appear in trade and other newspapers:

"Wanted. We are buyers of all classes of stock. Samples, jobbing lines. Distance no object. No parcel too large, no parcel too small. All details dealt with confidentially.—Gladys, 23, Kingly Street, Regent Street."

From this it will be seen that Gladys is prepared to buy anything from a chest of drawers to a packet of pins.

A reader at Chichester who saw one of these advertisements wrote in and offered a machine and several sets of harness for sale at clearance.

In reply, he was again asked to quote a price. As he was somewhat dubious, the Chichester man decided to ask for references before parting with his goods.

This annoyed Gladys, who appears to have lost temper as well as patience, for she wrote in reply:

"Dear Sir,—Thanks for your letter of yesterday's date. We have never read such trash before. We never suggested you could not give references. . . . We can give hundreds. We did not suggest anything other than straightforward business."

As this letter did not seem particularly ladylike, it was not surprising to find that it was signed A. Andrews, and not Gladys.

The signature and the style of correspondence seemed familiar, so investigations were made, which revealed that G. A. Andrews, whom we have exposed in these columns on many occasions, is now active under the business disguise of "Gladys."

It is because we know G. A. Andrews, alias A. E. Colbourn, and his methods so well that we warn traders in all parts of the country to avoid having dealings of any kind with Gladys.

For years past he has made a good living by obtaining goods under various names, to the detriment of honest traders.

We have previously described G. A. Andrews as the "Big Bad Business Wolf." It is only necessary to add that he is again on the prowl seeking whom he may devour.

MY LIFE:-6 *by* Viscount Snowden

A FEW weeks after the Jarrow Election in July, 1907, a by-election occurred in the Colne Valley Division of Yorkshire. This by-election had a result which requires more than a passing comment.

The Colne Valley Division had a reputation as a Liberal stronghold. It had been contested by Tom Mann as a Labour candidate as far back as 1895, but it had been left alone at the two subsequent General Elections.

A difficulty had arisen just prior to the vacancy occurring about the selection of a Labour candidate. The local branch of the Party was anxious to adopt a young man who had recently come into prominence as a Socialist propagandist. The Council of the I.L.P. felt that there were other persons who by their length of service to the movement had a prior claim to the candidature.

The young man favoured by the local branch was Mr. Victor Grayson.

Mob Leader

Mr. Grayson had served an apprenticeship to the engineering trade, but his powers as a speaker had attracted the notice of the leaders of the Unitarian Church with which he was connected. This body provided the means for Mr. Grayson to enter Manchester University with the idea of his becoming a minister in that denomination.

The unemployed question was at that time very prominent, and Mr. Grayson was drawn into the agitation and became the mob leader of the Manchester unemployed. His studies at the University were neglected. The Unitarian authorities approached me to use my influence with him to attend to his University work, but I could do nothing with him. The attractions of the Socialist movement were stronger than the prospects of becoming a Unitarian Minister.

Notwithstanding the lack of official support from the I.L.P. and the Labour Party, Mr. Grayson entered upon the contest in Colne Valley, running as a Socialist and non-official Labour candidate. I was the only Labour Member of Parliament who went down into the constituency to support him.

Turned His Head

His candidature aroused remarkable enthusiasm. He was an unusually attractive speaker. His youth and enthusiasm made a great appeal to the electors. Apart from his powers as a speaker he had a very engaging personality. The result of the election was that he beat his Liberal and Conservative opponents.

It is impossible to convey an adequate idea of the sensation this Socialist victory created in the country following upon the victory recently won at Jarrow. Old politicians wondered what was really going to happen. It looked as if the Social Revolution was coming. To beat both the Liberal and Conservative candidates in an industrial constituency seemed a portent of what would happen at the next General Election.

Mr. Clynes and myself were Mr. Grayson's sponsors when he took his seat in the House of Commons. No young man ever had such opportunities before him. Success had come to him early and easily. Unfortunately, it turned his head. He would take no advice from men older and more experienced than himself.

I went down into his constituency a few weeks after the election to a Victory demonstration. At the request of the chairman of the local Party, I had a long talk with Grayson, but I found that he was not prepared to take advice or to listen to reason.

Malign Influences

He would not join the Parliamentary Labour Party. He told me that one Socialist in the House of Commons, taking an independent line of action, would exert greater influence than the whole Labour Party combined.

If he had maintained his independent position and marked out a line of policy to follow in Parliament, with his great powers as a speaker he might have made for himself an influential position in the House of Commons. But unfortunately be came under malign influences which flattered his vanity and used him as an instrument to sow dissension in the Labour movement.

His victory had made him a hero in the country, and requests to address public meetings showered upon him. Addressing great meetings was more agreeable to him than bending to the work of the House of Commons.

His first speech, the first of not more than two or three he made during his three years' membership, was listened to by a crowded House anxious to see and hear this young man who had come into Parliament in such sensational circumstances. The speech was spoiled by the vein of egotism which ran through it. He declined to work with the Labour Party, who were quite willing to receive him into their ranks.

His attendances at the House of Commons were very rare. He registered only 32 divisions out of nearly 300 possible. He spent his time addressing meetings throughout the country, denouncing the Labour Party for their apathy on the question of unemployment, and boasting of what he was going to do.

He had been a member of the House over sixteen months and during the whole of this time he had never raised the question of the unemployed. The only occasion when he spoke upon the subject was in a debate on the Labour Party's Unemployment Bill.

By this time his associates, who had expected such great things from him, were growing disgusted with his cowardice. They urged him, if he could do nothing else, to raise a scene in the House and get suspended. He came down to the House one day in October, 1908, with that intention, but his courage failed him. His friends were enraged and disgusted with him, and said that he must take the action desired the next day.

Under this compulsion he turned up, and made one of the most deplorable exhibitions I have ever seen in my Parlia-

Mystery OF TOR RYSON

Right: Victor Grayson at the height of his popularity and (left) addressing a meeting at Tower Hill after the Colne Valley defeat which marked the beginning of his downfall

mentary experience. Rising at the end of the Questions, he moved that the business before the House be suspended to discuss the question of unemployment. The Speaker reminded him that the motion was not in order that day as the Licensing Bill stood first upon the Orders and had precedence over a motion for the adjournment; but it was open for Mr. Grayson to make his motion on any day that the Licensing Bill did not stand as First Order.

Mr. Grayson persisted, and declared that he could not remain silent when the crisis of unemployment was so acute, when people were starving at this moment in the streets. He felt it to be his duty to permit no other business to be discussed until something was done for these starving people.

The Speaker was very lenient with him, and repeatedly pointed out to him that he could get an opportunity at an early date to raise the question.

It was not Mr. Grayson's desire to have such an opportunity. He wanted to be suspended, and when the Speaker said that if he continued to defy his authority he would have to ask the Serjeant-at-Arms to remove him, Mr. Grayson, without waiting to be carried out, left the House, throwing a parting shot—that he felt degraded in a company that would not consider the unemployed.

I have seen members suspended whose disorderly action enlisted the sympathy of the House because they were obviously sincere, but Mr. Grayson's action was clearly a piece of hypocritical acting, and caused universal disgust.

The man who had been in Parliament for more than a year and had never once raised the question of the unemployed now became a hero to the unthinking mob. He went back to his more agreeable work of addressing public meetings, leaving others to continue to press the claims of the unemployed upon Parliament.

Mr. Grayson's action led to a good deal of dissension in the I.L.P. He had the support of the wild element in the Party. By the time he was permitted by the rules of the House to resume Parliamentary attendance his concern for the unemployed seemed to have disappeared, for during the whole of the following session he never once raised the question. He spent his time as previously, addressing meetings in the country, attacking the Labour Party, and promoting dissension in the I.L.P. All this time he was receiving £200 a year from the I.L.P.

Matters came to a head at the I.L.P. Conference in Edinburgh in 1909. Grayson had refused to appear on the same platform as Keir Hardie, and a reference to this matter in the report of the National Council to the Conference led to an exciting debate. The Conference, by a majority, decided to refer back this portion of the report. This virtually amounted to a censure upon the National Council.

His Downfall

This was an affront to which we could not submit, and the four principal members of the Council—Keir Hardie, MacDonald, Bruce Glasier and myself—resigned from the Council, to which we had been re-elected the previous day by the votes of the Conference.

Our action created a sensation, and when we announced our decision the Conference was stupefied. A resolution was moved expressing extreme regret at the resignations, and making an earnest request for their withdrawal. This resolution was carried practically unanimously.

But we persisted in our resignations, thinking that it was time a lesson was taught to the thoughtless and irresponsible members of the Party.

At the following General Election in January, 1910, Mr. Grayson was defeated in Colne Valley. But it was a testimony to the hold that he had upon the constituency and the personal loyalty to him of his supporters that, in spite of his utter neglect of his Parliamentary duties, he polled a considerable vote.

After his defeat at Colne Valley his popularity in the country declined. He made a precarious living by addressing public meetings, but it was quite clear that a career, which had begun with such great possibilities of usefulness, had come to an end.

After a few years he went to Australia, but he failed to establish a position for himself in the Labour movement there. Later he went to New Zealand, where he got into some kind of trouble. By this time the war had broken out, and to extricate himself from the consequences of his conduct he accepted the alternative of enlisting in the New Zealand Forces.

His health had been seriously undermined by the life he had been living and shortly after his return to Europe he was discharged from the Army.

In 1920, when I became candidate for the constituency he had represented, I made some enquiries as to what had happened to him, and his greatest friend in the constituency told me this story.

Disappearance

He had a letter from Grayson, written from the hospital, in which he said that he was about to be discharged, and he would like to come to stay with him for a few weeks. His friend wrote back to say that he would be very glad to receive him. Grayson replied, fixing the train by which he would arrive in Colne Valley.

He never turned up, and from that day to this nothing has been heard of him.

I communicated with the New Zealand authorities, and they informed me that Grayson had been in receipt of a war disability allowance from the New Zealand Government.

In December, 1920, they wrote to his last known address asking him to appear for a medical re-examination. No reply was received, and his disability allowance was not claimed.

All subsequent enquiries about him failed to elicit any information. It looks as though his disappearance will for ever remain a mystery.

In spite of his failure in the House of Commons and his many other delinquencies, Grayson retained to the end the loyalty of his friends in a very remarkable degree. His speaking powers were not the least of his attractions. He had the gift of making friends. He was very good company could tell a good story, and, as he often confessed in public, he enjoyed the good things of this world.

I have not, perhaps, conveyed an adequate impression of the attractiveness of his platform speeches. He was essentially the mob orator. He never attempted any reasoned argument.

His speeches were always an appeal to the emotions of his audiences.

But very early in his career he ruined his voice by its unwise use in outdoor speaking. I have known few men who could make a more effective appeal to the mob.

Greatest Tragedy

He had considerable natural ability, and if he had devoted himself to the hard work of practical politics he would, no doubt, have become a useful Member of Parliament.

No man ever had greater opportunities. No man ever cast them aside more foolishly. I have seen many tragedies in the Labour and Socialist movement. I have seen none so bad as the tragedy of Victor Grayson.

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Next Week:

Free Speech in Wartime

Said a chimney sweep living at Swale: "Beneath all this soot I am pale—

I'm sickly and glum, I can't eat a crumb."

But POST TOASTIES soon altered his tale.

The "Can't-eat-anything" folk soon alter their tale when Post Toasties appear on the breakfast table. They're delicious—these crisp, golden corn-flakes. Eat them with milk or cream, and sugar, or with fruit—they're as nourishing as they are tempting to eat. Every helping gives energy—and *quick* energy.

ONLY 7½D.

AN EMPIRE PRODUCT

Price does not apply in Irish Free State.

Grape-Nuts Co. Ltd., 38, Upper Ground St., S.E.1

"John Bull" Readers' Stories—83

One man went in with a rope about his waist in an endeavour to reach the stranded woman

MAROONED *in a Midnight Flood*

IT was a moonless night, but there was no cloud in the sky and even the Southern Cross was almost lost among the multitude of stars. We were sitting round the camp fire at the rail head, ninety miles north of Auckland, and one of us had a mandolin and the others, lounging contentedly round the fire, joined in the old choruses.

We were the pioneers of the attack of progress—the forward section of the main construction camp a mile or two farther back. All along that pleasant valley we had been felling the trees and burning the scrub, clearing the way for the new line which the main body of engineers and workers had pushed out from Auckland to Bickerstaffe, three miles behind us.

My mates and I slept in a row of shacks on the high slope above the rough track we had built. The track did not quite follow the bottom of the valley. The ground dipped away from us on the far side and there were other shacks dotted here and there on the lower level.

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IT was nearly midnight when we turned in. Big Tom Webster, my pal and an old sailor like myself, got up with a yawn, stretched himself and tapped the ashes out of his pipe.

There were no lights showing on the other side of the embankment. The Bennetts, with their four youngsters, must have been asleep long before. Miss Wilson, who worked in the cookhouse on our side, had gone across about ten, and the yellow square of light from her hut window was blacked out soon afterwards.

"A grand night, Tom," said I, pausing at the door of his shack, which stood next to mine.

"Ay, grand's the word," he laughed. "Who'd be a sailorman, lurching round Cape Horn, when you can have a night like this ashore?"

Inside five minutes I was in my bunk and asleep. And almost at once it seemed to me, half-dreaming and half-waking, that I could hear the waves slapping against the sides of the old tramp that carried me out to New Zealand after I was demobbed.

"Squalls," I thought, and then, waking fully, I knew that someone was pounding at my door and I heard Tom yelling:

"Hi, Jack! Wake up for the love of Mike! Hurry, or you'll get washed away, shack and all."

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HIS shout reached me above the unmistakable roar of water. It doesn't take an old sailor long to tumble out of his bunk and into his clothes, and within a minute or two I was out in the open under that same canopy of blazing stars, staring in utter amazement and consternation at the rushing darkness beneath my feet, a flood of angry water filling the night with tumult.

There was, you must remember, no moon, but the sky was so clear and the stars so brilliant that I could soon pick up the outlines of objects in the near distance.

The track had vanished, and beyond it there was not a shack to be seen.

"The Bennetts!" I shouted. "Miss Wilson. Oh, my God, those four poor kids!"

"Gone," said Tom. "The flood came down like a wall. It's swept everything away; everything, I tell you. Look, oh, look!"

Whirling by us, borne like a straw on that torrent that filled all the valley, was what looked like a whole shack.

Trees and timber, a dog kennel, sticks of furniture, dead cattle and sheep, dark masses we could not distinguish, and once something that showed a glimmer of white and tossed ghastly arms, raced by us in the flood, were glimpsed and were gone.

No living thing could have come out of that boiling cauldron alive.

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WHERE we stood the edge of the flood almost touched our feet, and we were forced backwards with the rising water. All our side of the camp was up now and we made a rush to our shacks, grabbed everything we could carry, and moved it higher up the slope.

Among my own things was an alarm clock, and I found the time was half-past three.

"Three hours to daybreak," I thought, "and there's nothing we can do."

Tom and I were at one end of the camp line and the cookhouse at the other. Awe-stricken we stood watching the flood as it crept inch by inch up the slope towards our shacks.

And then, above the roar of the water, we heard the wild shouting of our mates down at the cookhouse end of the lines.

We raced over to see what had happened, and we found a little knot of men pointing across the flood to one point that broke the water. A great tree stood there, and clinging to its branches I could at last make out the white figure of a woman in her nightdress.

It was Miss Wilson. By some miracle of chance the water that smashed her hut swept her unharmed into the branches of the great tree, and there she clung, the only living soul in the flood.

We could at last make out that she was waving frantically in our direction, but her cries were quite swallowed up in the tremendous uproar of the waters.

Now, you may take my word for it when I say that there were men standing there who feared nothing on earth. And there were some who swore and some who watched with tight mouths, but the flood was the master of us all.

Attempts were made, of course. One man went in with a rope about his waist, fought out a little way into the water, and was instantly swept off his feet so that we who held the rope had all we could do to drag him to shore.

Others followed him. Again and again we hauled them out, battered and half-drowned. And at last we stood, saying nothing, staring out at the white figure, which was signalling no longer, praying that she would have strength to hold on; fearing lest the tree itself should be uprooted.

The tree could not have been more than fifty yards from the water's edge, and yet we stood helpless.

"Benches," I thought. "A raft! It's the only chance."

I told the boys, and we dashed into the cookhouse and tore up four or five of the long wooden benches there. Old Mother Curtis, a good cook and a brave woman, had brought us her clothesline to lash them together before we got them down to the water's edge.

It was a long line, but not long enough to make a good job, for we needed the only other rope we had to hold the raft when it was launched.

◇◇◇◇◇◇◇

TOM and I lashed the benches together, and one of our pals waded out again, clinging to the raft, which we held moored by the other rope.

He was lucky to get back alive. When our improvised raft reached the full current it would certainly have been swept

(Continued on page 24)

When did you first try Woodpecker ?

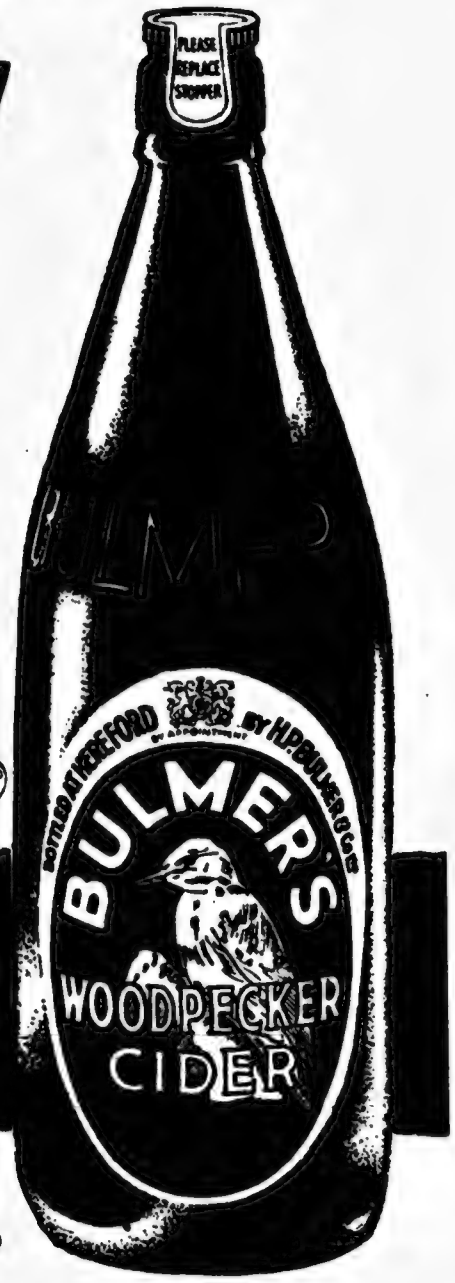
Mr. E. Bulmer offers

50 Solid Silver Cider Tankards *FREE!*

For generations this firm has been producing the world's best ciders. I should like to bring you here to Hereford and introduce you to the experts who control the intricate process by which the pure juice of 16,000 tons of apples is annually transformed into delicious wine. You would enjoy your next glass of Woodpecker with even greater appreciation than before. You would realise that though a cider of true country character, skilful blending and maturing make Woodpecker as fine as Wine. Our expertness goes back to 1893, when we adapted all that was best in French Wine production to cider making. If Woodpecker is your favourite drink, as it is of so many other people, write and tell me the circumstances under which you first tried it. For the best post-card replies, I will distribute 50 Solid Silver Tankards.

★ *All you have to do is to recall on a post card the circumstances under which you first tried Bulmer's Woodpecker. Post to Dept. C.I., H. P. Bulmer & Co., Ltd., Cider Makers, Hereford, so as to reach us not later than May 29, 1934. No correspondence can be entered into and Mr. Bulmer's 50 Awards must be regarded as final. Results will be published in "John Bull" on June 9.*

E. Bulmer



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THE COUNTRY CIDER THAT HAS COME TO TOWN!

The screw stoppered bottle is convenient and economical

10½d a flagon

(In England and Wales only. 11- in Scotland)

H. P. BULMER & CO., LTD., CIDER MAKERS, HEREFORD

"There we are, Mum—all the things finished up and it's not yet tea-time. That's Robin for you."

ROBIN *Starch*

for that expert finish

The perfect meal for the open road

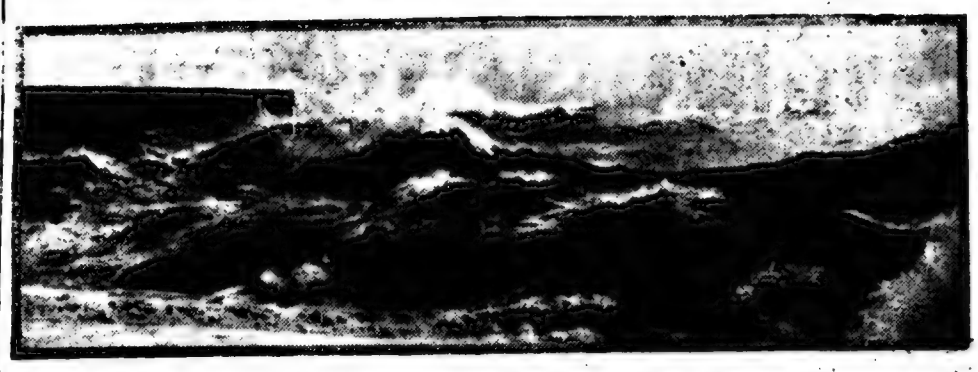
Make sandwiches with Libby's Beef for your day in the country. Libby's Beef will provide a deliciously sustaining meal at little cost with the minimum of trouble and preparation because Libby's Beef is ready cooked.

Libby's COOKED CORNED BEEF

All good grocers sell it

LCB 40-109

MAROONED—*Continued from page 22*



When the Dam Burst

out of our grasp, but the clothesline must have been rotten and the raft broke up and we dragged the man and one bench back to land.

It was then that Chapman, our gigantic storekeeper and one of the strongest swimmers in New Zealand, which is saying a lot, broke through us, clad only in a pair of bathing drawers.

"Hitch the rope round me, boys," he said, "and let me have a shot."

None of us knew then that only an hour before Chapman had saved one of our mates from certain death, fetching him out of an isolated hut lower down the slope with the rising water almost waist deep.

He went in and fought the water as though it were an enemy. He forced his way out into the flood until we could see only his head and shoulders. But when he struck out, swimming, the tide took him like a cork. He swirled past us in a wide arc and the rope tautened with a jerk that almost took us off our feet. He was scarcely conscious when at last we hauled him ashore.

After that, beaten, we waited for the dawn. And the miracle happened just as the sky was tinged with the first flush of pink.

"Boys!" roared Tom, "the flood's going down!"

It was true. We had not noticed it, for the swirl of the torrent was as strong as ever. Nevertheless, the margin of the water was receding down the slope. It sank as we watched like an outgoing tide.

The tops of smaller trees began to appear, and in less than an hour, roped together, we waded over to the other side and brought Miss Wilson to safety. She was barely conscious and we had difficulty in loosing her hands from the branch to which she had clung with such desperate tenacity. Old Mother Curtis took charge of her, gave her hot soup and wrapped her in warm blankets.

When the poor girl could speak she asked after the Bennett children, read the answer in Mrs. Curtis's eyes, and began to weep. And yet, such is the fine courage of women with the pioneer spirit, Miss Wilson was back in the cookhouse next day, quietly and efficiently getting on with her ordinary work.

By noon the flood had quite subsided. I served throughout the war, but I do not remember any scene more desolate and heart-rending. Wreckage of all kinds, railway material, collapsed huts, smashed furniture, the carcases of many cattle and sheep, broke the dreary level of mud and silt.

All work was, of course, suspended, and the men from our main camp, which was a mile or so nearer Bickerstaffe and quite outside the track of the flood, joined us in the search for the missing.

The first body we found was that of the little Bennett girl, aged six, and then that of her still younger brother. Both were entangled in some bushes about a hundred yards from where their three-roomed shack had stood the night before.

Late in the afternoon we stumbled over the bodies of Mrs. Bennett and her baby. The poor mother was still clasping the child to her breast, and there was more than one man in that tough crowd who looked down at the dead mother and child and turned away to hide the tears.

All the details of this catastrophe, which lives in my memory as the most awe-inspiring experience of my life, are to be found in the official records of the New Zealand Public Works Department for the year 1920

There have been, I suppose, many floods more disastrous, but none could have been more completely unexpected; no other could have been loosed under such a cloudless sky.

None of us in the pioneer section of the camp had any idea where the water came from. In fact, it was loosed upon our valley by the bursting of the dam which held, pent up behind it, all the crushing weight of the gigantic reservoir which supplies the City of Auckland.

We buried the victims, the men, the women and the children, and we cleared the valley of its wreckage, rebuilt the ruined track and went on with our work again.

And to-day the railway runs through a smiling valley to new towns that would never have come into being without it.

Homely Wisdom—by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

Saying Good-Bye

To seek illustration of the pathos of human life I need look no farther than my own letter box.

Take the following paragraph from a communication which has reached me this morning: "I am all packed up for going; leaving my little home; leaving the garden I have loved and tended, and just now it is ready to break forth into beauty of all colours and gracious forms. Even though I have to go, I spent hours yesterday among my plants, doing my best for them, though they will do their best for other eyes than mine. . . . Someone said God gave us memories, so that we might have roses in December. Ah, no! memories bring tears in December."

Evidently the heart of the writer of these words is wrung with grief at the prospect of parting with a deeply-cherished source of consolation for many years of trial, disappointment and cruel ill-usage.

But Charles Dickens wrote a short story to show that the desire to have memories wiped out was a delusion born of suffering.

The most gracious and beautiful things in life depend on memory for their development and never reach their full glory without some previous acquaintance with pain.

What is written above is a far more common experience than possibly the sender thinks, for when we are in trouble we are all apt to feel isolated and to fancy that no one else has ever had the same kind of heavy trial to bear. But we are wrong about that.

As the old Book says, "There hath no temptation taken you, but such as is common to man"—temptation here meaning trial in the widest sense.

The Irish poet Thomas Moore seems to have anticipated my correspondent in this very trouble of having to say good-bye to a much-loved scene of natural beauty:

Oh, ever thus from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away.

It is the loss of love that pierces most keenly into the heart, and this is what the poet and the humble JOHN BULL reader both have in mind in writing as they do. It is when love goes out of our life—the love of a dear fellow-soul, husband, wife, child, irreplaceable friend—that we feel ourselves impoverished and derelict. Nor is it always death that causes the bereavement; the worst separations are not made by the grave, but by faithlessness, treachery, misunderstanding, falsehood, and evil passion.

How love can hurt, or rather the failure of love. I have known people afraid to love because of the pain that might follow from its violation; for when you give your heart into the keeping of another you take the risk of being bruised.

"My heart died then," said a mourner whose dearest affections had been slain by a dreadful discovery. "Life has nothing more to take from me," was the verdict of another with whom everything had gone wrong.

Many who read these words will understand that lament. To have to say good-bye to a precious spiritual possession is almost, if not quite, the hardest thing in life. Is there any compensation for it? Yes, if we cease to anchor our souls to what is perishable.

The very fact that our sharpest pangs spring from what is noblest in us, when we bid farewell to an earthly joy, is the promise that all we have lost shall be more than made good to us in that home of the spirit where nothing can rob us of it evermore.

"The Greatest of These—"

Peter

A Hero's SOS

EIGHT-YEAR-OLD Peter has a lovely disposition to match his lovely face. He is an intelligent little chap, but undersize and weight for his age, the result of privations his family has passed through, and a serious illness.

Peter's dad bears a distinguished war record. He was awarded the *Croix de Guerre* for conspicuous gallantry at Noyon, March 21, 1918—was mentioned in despatches and twice recommended for the M.C. He was blown up by shell fire three times, which probably caused a serious internal operation in 1919, which completely incapacitated him for six months. His home had to be sold up in consequence.

Driven by necessity, though contrary to doctor's orders, he restarted work. He could only carry on for a few weeks, and was back again in bed, and unemployed for ten months. All told, he has undergone three major internal operations since the war.

Through so much sickness, he and his wife, Peter and his thirteen-year-old sister were reduced to living in one partly-furnished underground room, for which they paid 18s. 6d. a week, so that when Peter's dad, after tramping for work month after month, secured a job, they decided to take a dwelling flat at 14s. a week, and bought furniture on the hire-purchase system.

About ten weeks ago, however, his work ceased suddenly through no fault of his own, and the family was again on the rocks. Out of the 27s. 3d. a week dole, the monthly instalment on their furniture, amounting to 32s. 6d., was an unsolvable problem. The two kiddies are fed as well as possible, but their parents are often reduced to one scrap meal a day.

Peter's father belongs to the vast army of black-coated unemployed, but having good testimonials he is optimistic that a job will turn up soon, and with help to overcome his immediate necessities, he is confident he can pull through.

Any help our readers will send for this war hero, earmarked "Peter," should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

To other Mothers

"For a long time now I have been wanting to write and say what I think of Nestlé's. I have two children, a boy about 2½ years and a girl four months.

"The little boy at birth was an eight months child and weighed 3 lbs. and was wrapped in cotton wool and soaked in olive oil. I tried lots of foods for him. People used to say, 'Come and see the little baby,' and I was told I would never rear him, but when they see him now, they get a shock as he is 36 lbs. now and not 3 years old yet.

"The baby girl, she was only 6½ lbs. when born, and I'm feeding her on Nestlé's and she is over a stone."

MRS. F. B., NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

Nestlé's have never, by word or deed, sought or solicited a testimonial, yet letters like this reach them by almost every post.

"It never disagrees"

NESTLÉ'S MILK

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WHEN HER APPETITE RETURNS

is the time to give her Robinson's 'Patent' Groats. It is the ideal diet for convalescence, easy to digest and pleasant to take.

Write for the booklet containing the recipe for delicious porridge (and many other invalid delicacies) made from Robinson's 'Patent' Groats.

ROBINSON'S

"PATENT"

KEEN, ROBINSON & Co. Ltd.
Dept. H.R-104
Carrow Works, Norwich

GROATS

AVH—144

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—
In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

X FOR FALSE TEETH

False teeth held firmly with confidence if sprinkled daily with

KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE

A boon to singers, speakers, clergy and business people. Sold by all chemists in patent sprinkler convenient for pocket or handbag.

FREE TRIAL: Send name and address for sample to Kolynos (Dept. F 22), Chenies Street, London, W.C.1.

Good cooks use Borwicks

CHAMPION . . !

says Gracie Fields

Miss Gracie Fields, the world-famous Comedienne, writes:—"When girls ask me to recommend for their complexions, I always advise Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream. It's grand—what a difference it makes to the skin—and it's marvellous how they have combined the Powder and Cream and even included a mirror on the dainty jar. Just you try it!—it's real champion."

In all shades: From Chemists, Coiffeurs & Stores.

POWDER CREAM MIRROR

ALL IN ONE 1/-

This price does not apply to the I.F.S.

Potter & Moore's
MITCHAM LAVENDER
POWDER-CREAM

8 a.m.

..and a reflection of how his hair will still look at.. 8p.m.

Use Anzora in the morning and there's no need to touch your hair again till bedtime. Anzora masters the hair without clogging it. Anzora is the only hair fixative to be awarded a Gold Medal—proof of its superiority. For greasy hair use Cream—for dry, Viola—or if you prefer glossy hair, Brilliantine. But always say Anzora first. In 1/-, 1/6 and 2/6 bottles at all chemists, hairdressers and stores.

The only Gold Medal Hair Cream.

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MASTERS THE HAIR

ANZORA PERFUMERY CO. LTD., LONDON, N.W.6

They Never Knew a Father . .

The father whose influence should have meant so much to him is only a vague memory

Philip Inman

discusses the problem of

The Spoilt War-Babies

THOSE children who were born just before or during the war are now passing through the most impressionable years of their lives. It is not surprising, therefore, that many letters are reaching me from mothers who are faced with problems which might never have arisen if their husbands had survived the war.

And one of the most difficult cases of all is that of the widow with an only son.

One such widow, with an only son nearly nineteen years old, writes to me:

"He is still serving his time as an apprentice, and because he only earns a few shillings a week I go out to work as well. He is good at his job, doesn't drink or smoke, and I naturally think the world of him, for he is all I have. I always get up first in the morning and make him a hot breakfast, and although he goes out every evening I have his supper ready for him when he comes in.

"Now this is my trouble. He is, I am sorry to say, very difficult in the home. When I come in after my day's work he never speaks civilly to me, and he always grumbles if I ask him to do any odd job about the place. I have always believed that love begets love, but I get so discouraged and wonder whether the struggle is worth it all."

I don't wonder that this mother feels discouraged! From early morning till late at night she is either out at work to keep the home going or she is waiting on her son. And all for what purpose? To be treated badly by the one who ought to show her the greatest kindness and consideration.

It is obvious what has happened. This young man has been thoroughly spoilt.

It is high time some plain home-truths were spoken to him. He should be made to realise his position. His mother has been considerate enough to apprentice him to a trade so that he may be equipped for his future life. All these years he has not earned sufficient even to keep himself. And now he has reached the age when he could be a comfort and a companion to her.

☆ ☆ ☆

Let him remember that his mother has been deprived of her husband's company and affection, that she has had to be both father and mother to him, and that the years are slipping from her in loneliness and disappointment.

If the knowledge of these things will not make him change, there is only one thing to do, and that is to give him a taste of his own medicine. That mother must refuse to be a slave any longer. Let her, too, go out in the evenings and enjoy herself. It will do that boy good to have to wait for his supper sometimes.

Then, if he should murmur about his treatment, let her have a frank talk with him and point out that love and service can never be one-sided. They must always be reciprocated. And I believe, when he comes to understand that, it will reflect itself in gratitude and affection.

My second letter also comes from a widow, this time with an only son of seventeen. This is what she says about him:

"He is employed in an engineering shop and is a nice, home-loving boy. After his day's work he is quite content to interest himself with his wireless and his studies, and although he is still young I hope one day to see him happily married with a nice home of his own.

"But where I find a difficulty is in talking to him about things which he ought to know. He has lived alone with me since he was three, and has missed not only a father's comradeship and influence but also the information about the facts of life which a father can best supply.

"I am very anxious that he should grow up a good, straightforward man more than a clever one, and I know he will meet all sorts and conditions of people at the works. I wonder, therefore, if you can give me some advice on this matter. The best thing, I suppose, would be to buy him a book, but I should be so grateful for your help?"

☆ ☆ ☆

I think my readers will agree that this boy is very fortunate in his mother.

I always take the opportunity whenever I can of emphasising how necessary it is for growing boys and girls to be taught what has been called the facts of life. And it is very much better that they should learn these things from their parents instead of having to gain their knowledge in other ways.

In this case there is no father to enlighten the lad, and I think my correspondent's suggestion is, therefore, the right one.

"But what book can be bought for this purpose?" she asks. There are two that I can recommend because they explain in an interesting and non-technical way all those things that a young person should know. I have told this mother what they are, and shall be pleased to pass on the information to any other interested reader who cares to write to me.

Those who find even the purchase of books beyond their means should write to the White Cross League, 36, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1. This League exists for the purpose of enlightening young people on sex matters, and from my own experience I know what a fine work it accomplishes. In particular, I would suggest that application should be made for two pamphlets, "Parents Talks to Boys" and "The Gift of Sex." These, I know, can be extremely useful for the object in view.

And now for my third problem. In the two letters I have quoted I have dealt with problems concerning widowed mothers and their only sons. Let me reverse the order. Here is a letter sent to me by an only son of a widow:

"I am a young man of twenty-four," he tells me. "My father was missing in the Great War, and I have no brothers or sisters. Some time ago we moved from the North to London, and I live alone with my mother. In the North is the only real friend I ever had—a girl—who also lives alone with her widowed mother. She and I were practically brought up together, and one day we hope to marry.

"But here lies the difficulty. I practically keep my mother, and the expenses of the home do not leave much over, especially as my position as a clerk in a solicitor's office is not a lucrative one. You will appreciate that my need, like so many others, is for more money. That would enable me not only to see my girl oftener, but to save up for our married life. It has occurred to me that the mail order business might offer an opening, but I imagine it is hard to get in contact with manufacturers."

This letter brings out very clearly the limitations that family ties can place upon a young fellow. If my correspondent's father were alive, or if he had brothers or sisters to share the responsibility with him, his outlook would be entirely different.

Unlike that young man I mentioned in my first letter, this one does not think entirely of himself. His remembrance of all his mother has done for him makes him anxious, and quite rightly so, to stand by her now. And yet naturally he looks forward to being married one day.

☆ ☆ ☆

What, then, can be done? It would be foolish for him to give up his present employment—poorly paid though it may be. What I advise is one of two things. Let him endeavour to qualify himself for a better position. He is at present employed in a lawyer's office. Has he ever thought of studying to become a solicitor? His daily work would help him, and night schools or correspondence lessons should give him all the other assistance he would need.

If, for any reason, that is out of the question, he should try to supplement his present earnings by taking on spare-time employment. One possibility is the booking of books for small tradesmen, preparing their income-tax returns, etc.

If having a goal is the first essential to success, this young man is on the right road. He has two incentives to spur him on—his mother and his girl.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

are conducted by Philip Inman. JOHN BULL'S "Humanist," who is anxious to help you, too. Write to him and enclose a stamped envelope. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted on this page.

7 kinds of stains discolour teeth—

Colgate's removes all seven.

Look for the cause of most dull, lack-lustre teeth—*and you'll find it at the dining-table.*

For the fact is that foods stain teeth! Not just one food, or two foods—but every kind of food—from carrots to custard and soup to spinach. All in all, there are 7 different kinds of stains—7 deadly enemies of tooth brilliance—caused by the things you eat and drink and smoke.

True enough, you can't see all these stains immediately. But, unless removed daily they accumulate and gradually dull the brilliance of teeth.

Why doesn't your toothpaste remove these stains? Because most toothpastes have only *one* cleansing action. And one action is simply not enough to remove all 7 stains.

Colgate's has TWO cleansing actions. First—a gentle, thorough *washing* action which removes some of the stains . . .

Second—a safe, effective *polishing* action which eliminates the more stubborn stains—leaving your teeth gleaming and stain-free!

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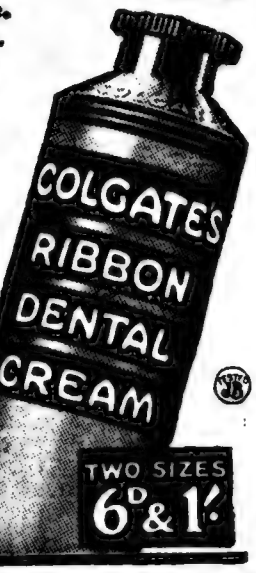


THE 7 CAUSES OF STAINS THAT DISCOLOUR TEETH

1. Meats and other proteins.
2. Starchy foods.
3. Vegetables.
4. Sweets.
5. Fruits.
6. Beverages.
7. Tobacco smoke.

BULMER'S COMPETITION RESULT

The following have each been awarded a SOLID SILVER CIDER TANKARD for their replies in the first Bulmer contest.

Details of another Bulmer contest are announced on page 23

Mrs. L. M. Attfield, 18, Gibbon St., Plymouth.
Walter Back, 10, Normandy Road, S.W.9.
H. Bakewell, 145, Tring Road, Aylesbury, Bucks.
V. Bartlett, 1, Dagmar Road, Exmouth.
Lily Bates, 7, Horsfield St., Miry Lane, Wigan.
J. E. Blakeley, 38, Vicarage Street, Walsall.
S. O. Bonfield, 8, Knipersley Rd., Birmingham.
T. J. Cordle, 30, High St., Teddington, Middx.
C. M. Davenport, Radford, Nottingham.
Mrs. S. Davies, Llangyfelach, Morriston, Swansea.
G. A. Dawson, 1, Playford Road, Ipswich.
S. C. B. Dealey, Handsworth, Birmingham, 20.
H. Deighton, Heaton Moor, Manchester.
W. H. Eagle, 160, Wilberforce Road, Leicester.
Jennie Evans, Burton-on-Trent.
Wm. Everton, 77, Charlotte St., Walsall, Staffs.
D. Ferguson, The Theatre Royal, Exeter.
Mrs. H. C. Fuller, Holland St., Kensington, W.8.
Miss A. M. Gleed, Shipston-on-Stour, Worcs.
Harold Greenwood, 14, Bamber Ave., Blackpool.
W. Gulliver, 54, Stanley Road, Rugby.
Leonard Harrison, Bradford, Yorks.
Alfred Heaton, Prestwich, Manchester.
Major C. E. Hill, Kingsdown, Deal.
T. Holmes, Hawarden, Nr. Chester.
K. A. Holyoake, 422, East Park Rd., Leicester.
Miss D. M. Hooper, Hargrave, Nr. Chester.
G. B. Howling, Hounslow, Middlesex.
J. A. Jacques, New Waltham, Grimsby.
G. Knowles, 20, Cedar Rd., The Priory, Dudley.
A. Link, South Holmwood, Surrey.
G. Lloyd, Cwmffrwdoer, Pontypool, Mon.
H. D. Lyon, 55, Camp Hill, Birmingham
Miss Pansy Marshall, Stoke Bishop, Bristol, 9.
M. McDonald, 38, Limerston Street, S.W.10.
F. J. Neath-Lane, 16, Newstead Rd., Lee, S.E. 12.
Mrs. C. A. Newby, 29, Stanley Rd., Gt. Yarmouth.
Mrs. Lillie Patterson, Seaham Harbour.
L. A. Shallcross, Maidstone, Kent.
James S. Selkirk, Erdington, Birmingham.
F. Sims, Church Street, Rogerstone, Mon.
F. Smith, 21, Goodhead Street, Nottingham.
W. Toseland, Kettering, Northants.
J. C. Towers, 3, Verdun Street, Leeds, 6.
Robert Thomson, 45, Orchard St., Norwich.
R. T. Wallace, 21, Burdett Road, Liverpool.
Joseph J. Willoughby, Everton Terr., Liverpool.
Miss Whittaker, 30, High St., Thatcham, Berks.
Miss E. Wood, Waterloo, Liverpool, 22.
H. S. Woodward, Hampton Lane, Solihull.

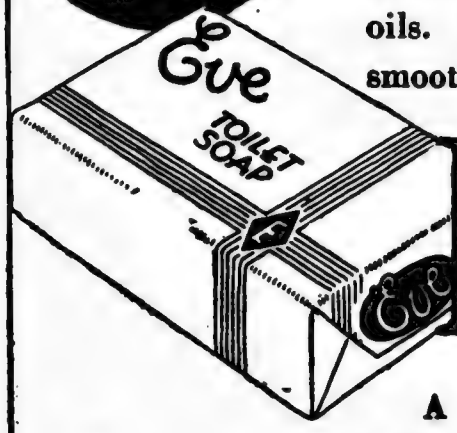
WATCH FOR DETAILS OF A FURTHER OFFER BY BULMER'S — 50 SOLID SILVER CIDER TANKARDS FREE

(*See page 23*)

so inexpensive *too..*

In spite of its neat double paper wrapper and its fresh delicate fragrance 2d is all you have to pay for this marvellous new soap. Eve is just as good as it looks too. It is made with the greatest skill from carefully blended soothing oils. It keeps your skin as smooth and soft as a baby's.

2d Full sized A TABLET



EVE

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AT A PRICE YOU'LL LIKE

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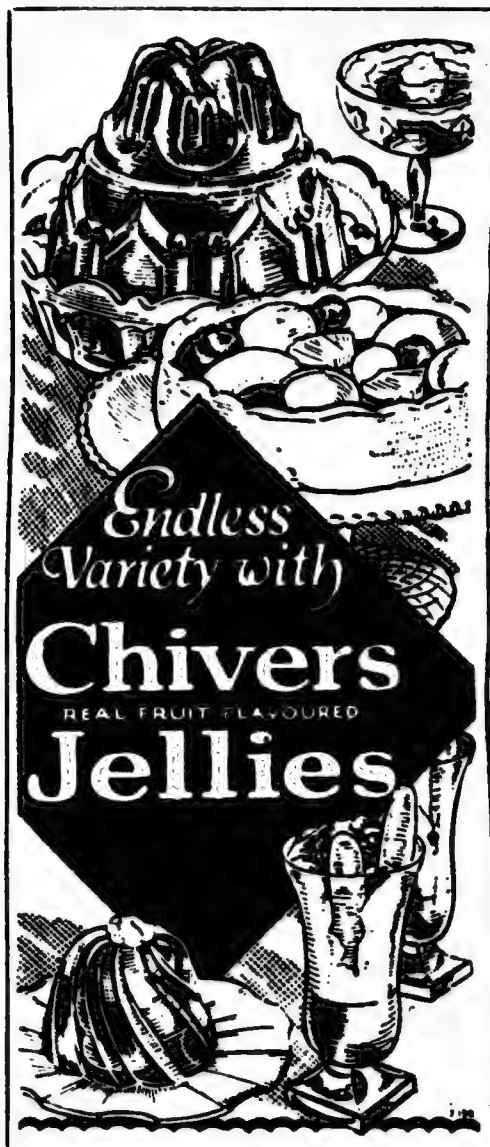

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The PERFECT "TEST" CAPTAIN —WHO is he?

Most popular of English skippers —but he's too happy-go-lucky to be perfect!—Percy Chapman

WHAT qualities go to make the perfect Test Match captain—and where is such a superman to be found?

Both the English and the Australian cricket authorities would give you a niche in sporting history if you could answer these questions to their satisfaction, because the former have been racking their brains to find a successor to Jardine for more than a year, and the latter, realising that this will be Woodfull's last visit to England as their captain, know that they will soon be confronted with the same problem.

The plain fact of the matter is that our own governing body of cricket has never been in such a quandary since the days of Archie MacLaren, that greatest of all-England captains.

They are beginning to wonder whether enough accomplishments can be compressed into one human frame to provide England with even an almost-perfect captain, let alone a perfect one.

Superman wanted!

Let us conjure up a picture of what such a wonder man would be like.

He would have to have the inborn gift of leadership to begin with—and in a marked degree. If a Test team is to do its best it must be as rigidly disciplined as a windjammer crew, and as carefully controlled as an Atlantic liner. He must deserve his place in the team on his play alone—because the English and Australian teams have so little to choose between them that neither of them can afford to carry picturesque figure-heads.

He must be strong both physically and morally, because neither team nor spectators would have any respect for the weakling. Have a charm of personality, because so many problems arise that can be swept away with no other broom.

And he must have that rare blend of qualities which so few people possess—the enthusiasm of youth and the experience of years at one and the same time.

Then he will have less than half the qualities desirable in a man who could carry out such a job to everybody's satisfaction.

No wonder A. P. F. Chapman said, when told he had been dropped from the leadership of the English team after skippering them in four Test matches: "Are you sure it's true. Then I'm glad. It's the best news I've heard for a long time."

The M.C.C. has been scrutinising the leading English captains lately in their search for these qualities. Let us stand beside them and join in the review.

Crowd's not there

There is Jardine, undoubtedly the shrewdest captain we have had since the war, whose retirement followed his distressing experiences in Australia. A delightful fellow, Jardine, *when you meet him*, despite the fact that the Australian crowd came to think of him as an arch-enemy.

He would not be far short of the perfect captain, this man, if cricket had no crowds and no public following and nations didn't care a hang about the result. In strength of discipline, shrewdness at manœuvring, astuteness at seeing through the other team's plans, doggedness in adversity, and brilliance at the game itself, he hardly has a peer.

But he lacks the particular kind of personality that endears a man to the crowd, and he seems to have no desire at all to please the spectator, in which deficiencies lie his only failure.

To him the crowd simply doesn't exist. Cricket could go on without them, anyway. Bats and balls were made before turnstiles. Nor would he spend many sleepless nights if he felt a whole nation was in affront—provided he was certain he was in the right.

Chapman's way

Let us compare his treatment of "barrackers" with that of another famous English captain, A. P. F. Chapman.

When the crowd screams insults, Jardine gets rattled. He looks as if he'd like to clear the whole lot out. He feels they haven't got an ounce of sportsmanship among them, and his face betrays his feelings.

When one man with a voice as big as his stature was small tried to bait him one day when he was in the long-field, he strode over to him determinedly and told him plainly: "I'll bet you're the quietest little man in the world when you're at home. Your wife sees to that."

Did that quieten the crowd? It didn't. It made them worse. Therefore it was not ideal captaincy.

Now picture Chapman faced by a storming set of barrackers—as he was once or twice, before he won their hearts with his cheerful good-fellowship.

As soon as the crowd yelled out of hand, he grinned and sat down on the ground. It was a tip to the rest of the team. They all followed suit.

The message of it was plain: "We've been entertaining you at cricket. Now we'll have a rest while you entertain us. We don't mind how long you keep it up, because it's rather glorious lying here."

Crowds don't like to ordain that there shall be no cricket after paying to see it played. Chapman always won.

Chapman walked over to one barracker at Sydney with a smile on his face and his ear cupped in his hand. In that way he waited for him to shout again. Then as soon as he did so he shouted back: "Try and speak up a bit, old chap. We can't hear you."

The laugh that followed—a laugh in which the victim joined—put that crowd in good humour for the rest of that day.

Is Chapman in every other way also the ideal captain? He is not.

Six feet two of broad English manhood, his head covered by a mass of golden hair, which is curly at that, his complexion milk-and-rose and usually decorated with an illuminating smile, this blonde giant is certainly the romantic schoolboy's idea of what a captain of his side should look like.

But Chapman's sunny side is his biggest handicap—when it comes to Test match captaincy. He is too popular for perfect discipline, too happy-go-lucky to value leadership as it should be valued, too inclined to treat cricket—even life—as a darned good joke.

Yet neither of these two is the favourite at the moment for the captaincy—even were Jardine willing to take on the job again. R. E. S. Wyatt, captain of Warwick, is most fancied.

If ever there was a cricketing problem, Wyatt is it. The natural successor of Hobbs as first man in for England, a batsman of dazzling strokes and a bowler of useful tricks, a good disciplinarian, and as fitted as any man living to do the diplomatic part of the job, he seems totally unable to impress people.

Not that he lacks the qualities that impress. He is short only of the ability—or the desire—to "put it over." It is almost unbelievable, but it is true, that spectators who have had seasons of delight from Wyatt's play have never even bothered to learn his name.

You may remember how he was called on to captain England against the Australians once before in a moment of crisis—at the moment when the job was one genuinely to be feared.

He didn't worry

Well, the night before he was in a kinema queue, when somebody asked him if he wasn't a little bit anxious about the next day?

"Anxious? Oh, the Aussies can wait till to-morrow. I'm more interested in Gary Cooper and Janet Gaynor to-night."

Solid—yet without flair! Businesslike, but inclined to play for safety! A man unlikely to make mistakes—but just as unlikely to rise to sheer cricketing genius! That's "Bob" Wyatt.

Two youngsters have been considered who—whatever decision is made—should be all-England captains one day.

One is Cyril Walters, the handsome young captain of Worcester, whose talents are not so noticeable because he has to lead a team poor in money and talent and rich only in sportsmanship. A brilliant cricketer and promising captain—but not yet experienced enough for leadership in the Tests.

That same criticism equally applies to V. H. Valentine. And he has one other drawback. He'd rather play *under* Chapman than lead a team himself.

There is one truly great captain who is ruled out because cricket is not yet democratic enough. He is Sutcliffe, of Yorkshire, whose captaincy of the Players against the Gentlemen last year was the finest piece of leadership since the war.

Snobbery and snobbery

The authorities are nervous about choosing a professional. And it is not just snobbery. They know that we still have among our professionals men who would decry any leader from their own ranks. They are not ignorant of the fact that one great player—a professional—said of Sutcliffe, just because he is as well-spoken as any amateur on the field: "Who wants to play under a man who talks high-hat."

Yes, there is snobbery in the game—and it doesn't all belong to the amateurs! When it goes we shall get a little nearer than we are to the discovery of the perfect captain for England in the Tests.

For men like us

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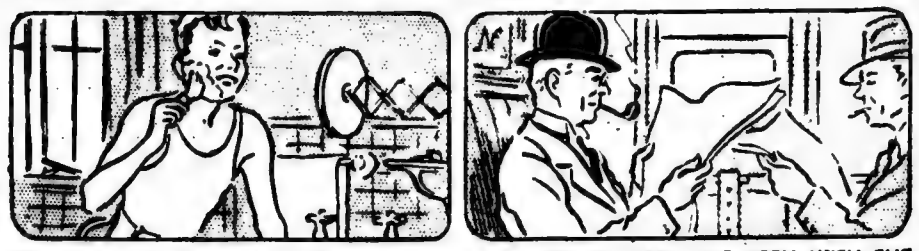

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Old Friends of the WILLS —Their Luck is In Now

In the will: "Conscientious careful handler of china—the perfect servant"—a tribute paid to this faithful servant, Eliza Nightingale, who also received a handsome annuity from her grateful mistress

JUST now is the busiest time in the Wills Department at Somerset House, for officials are working night and day on the annual spurt of passing wills for probate which always takes place at this period of the year.

Although Somerset House allows three years for details of a will to be sent in, solicitors and trustees are much quicker nowadays in making their returns. Three weeks or three months would be nearer the mark.

The wills which Somerset House is now dealing with are mainly of people who died last year. There was a case recently, however, when details were only finally completed of the will of a man who died over one hundred years ago.

Probate officials, dealing as they do with the nature and conditions of last bequests, are better able than anybody else perhaps to watch the changing tides of human nature in its view and sympathies.

There are the usual crop of romantic stories in current wills, but the officials have been impressed this year by two features of outstanding interest.

One is that donations to charities have suffered a severe slump, not on account of a lessening in the total amounts of estates, but because of a deliberate withholding of bequests in this direction.

Charities suffer

One explanation, according to a Somerset House official, is that fashions in bequests are infectious. A few years ago there were one or two large wills where the testators attacked the death duties and declared their intention of cutting down bequests on charities. They attacked the Government from beyond the grave, as it were, but, unfairly, made the charities pay for their opinions.

Nowadays will-makers are always interested in other people's wills, says this official, and the publicity which these statements received has inspired many of last year's will-makers to do likewise.

But if organised charities have suffered there has been a strange change in another direction. There has been an enormous increase in "friendship" wills, in what Somerset House calls "for services rendered" bequests.

Servant's meed

Probate officials cannot recall having seen such a spate of these pleasantest and most welcome of all bequests. At a rough estimate nearly £750,000 has been left in this year's estates to old friends, to servants and retainers, and to old business employees.

The value placed nowadays on personal devotion and loyalty is reflected in the changed provision of some of these recent wills.

Where, a generation ago, many people thought that a few pieces of china were sufficient to reward a servant for a lifetime's devotion, now substantial bequests are the usual thing.

Typical examples out of many hundreds are the wills of Mrs. Hesse, of Nottingham, who left her woman companion £10,000; of Mr. A. Lawrence Rushden, who left his servant his entire estate of £6,000 because of her service to himself and his late wife; and of Mr. Avery Tipping, who bequeathed the residue of a £90,000 estate to his gardener and chauffeur.

Three employees of the one-hundred-year-old London building concern of Henwood and Son have been left the entire business. In another recent business will Mr. W. E. Heath, manager of a Liverpool shipping firm for many years, has been left £25,000 by his employer.

Strange stories abound in some of these recent "friendship" testaments. One man who made a fortune in the post-war years left instructions for the tracing of another man who befriended him when they were soldiers together in Egypt during the Great War and to whom he wished to leave his entire fortune.

One will which has just been cleared up is that of a Mrs. Matthew, of Herne Hill. She left her £6,000 estate to her companion-help. This woman knew nothing about the bequest and solicitors had been unable to trace her.

A few weeks ago she was walking in a London street when a nurse who had attended Mrs. Matthew recognised her and congratulated her on her fortune. "What fortune?" she asked, bewildered. Then the nurse explained.

Strangest of all, however, is the case of the Piggotts of Wisbech. Mother and son, they have been living for nine years in a matchboard hut in the Isle of Ely. Once Mrs. Piggott had £1,800 a year, but by various misfortunes she was reduced to such utter penury that she could scarcely afford the 3d. a week ground rent on the hut in which she had come to live with her son.

During the whole of that nine years they were visited by not another living soul. Nobody came near them, not a clergyman, not a tax collector, not even a policeman. Living a few hundred yards from a main road, they were as completely isolated as if they were living on a desert island. They lived without friendship and sought none.

Then a few weeks ago, out of the blue came a legacy from a forgotten friend, which at one stroke has lifted them out of the terrible poverty and isolation in which they had lived, a condition they believed would endure with them to the grave.

The Human Machine

Bottles and Corks

IF you want to prove to yourself that most people can think—but won't—ask the next person you meet this question:—

"If a bottle and a cork cost 1s. 1d., *and the bottle costs* 1s. *more than the cork, how much does the cork cost?"*

There's no catch about it. It's a straightforward little problem that only needs a little thought to solve. It is, indeed, part of a standard test that psychologists use to test the intelligence of children of 14.

You'll find that most people say cheerfully that the cork costs 1d.—*which is not the right answer at all. When you point out to them that in that case the bottle only costs* 11d. *more than the cork, they say, "Oh, yes, how stupid of me!" and then begin to think for the first time.*

Try it; you'll be surprised to find how few people use their brains until they're forced.

No wonder H. G. Wells wrote in his "History of the World" that "Systematic thinking is apparently a comparatively late development in human experience; it has not played any great part in human life until within the last 3,000 *years.* And even to-day those who really control and order their thoughts are but a small minority of mankind. Most of the world still lives by imagination and passion."

That's pretty damning in these days of civilised grace—but it's profoundly and tragically true.

For one person who can really think—even for two consecutive minutes—there are a thousand who can't. That's the sole reason for the perennial mess in which human affairs find themselves.

And, by the way, just how much did that cork cost? Think out the answer for yourself. It will, I promise you, be the first bit of real thinking you've done for a long time: and the experience won't do you any harm!

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In a special announcement on pages 4 and 5 you will find the forms that reserve in your name, and in your friend's name too, a camera for each of you. These forms must be completed and posted without delay if they are to arrive in time. All applications *must* be received by Tuesday, June 5.

Turn to pages 4 and 5 now!

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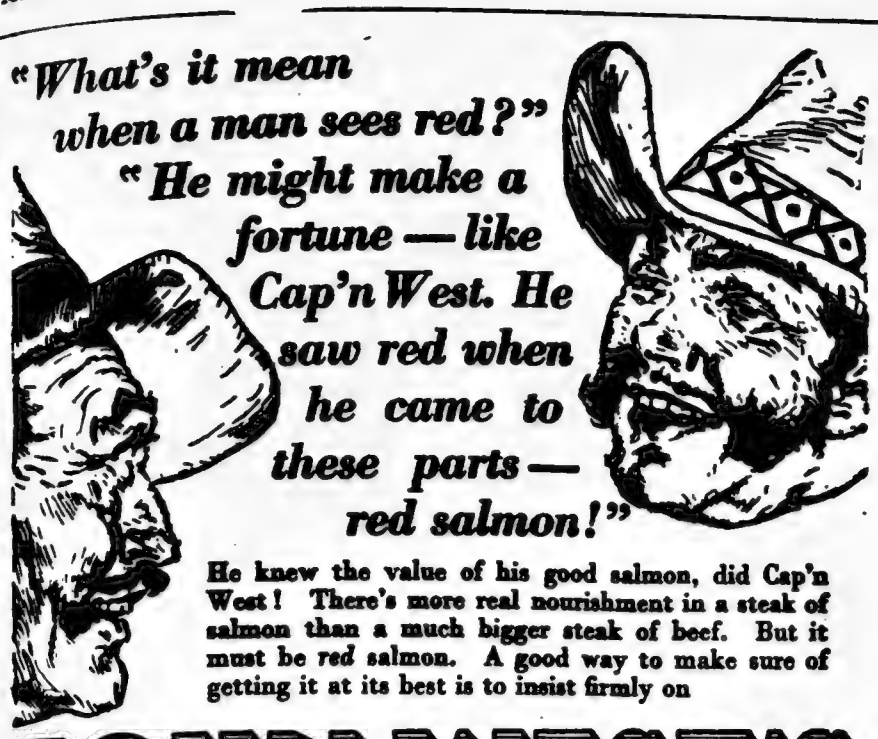
"He might make a fortune — like Cap'n West. He saw red when he came to these parts — red salmon!"



He knew the value of his good salmon, did Cap'n West! There's more real nourishment in a steak of salmon than a much bigger steak of beef. But it must be *red* salmon. A good way to make sure of getting it at its best is to insist firmly on

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KINGS *and* QUEENS *for a* DAY!

THE craze for pageants is once again sweeping Britain.

This way of making history step out of the books, of renewing pride in the traditions of town and district, and of giving everybody a chance to do a little pleasant play acting and creative work has caught the popular imagination of the country.

In scores of cities and villages throughout the land they are now getting ready to make 1934 the greatest year for pageants.

From now until the end of July there are a full dozen scheduled to be played out in the parks and public places of large towns and on the green lawns of ancient castles. Places as far apart as Hove and Ayr, as Cheltenham and Runnymede, are to have them.

There is even to be a Pageant of Parliament, sponsored by two Lord Chancellors and with M.P.s rivalling members of the House of Lords at dressing up in chain mail and scarlet and gold raiment.

Huge spectacles like the Aldershot Tattoo have no doubt inspired this demand for pageants. But organising them and supplying their needs in the shape of properties, material and skilled direction has now grown into an industry in itself.

WHEN, on a fine summer day the townspeople pay their pennies and shillings for a day in the open air, and to see local tradesmen as Roundheads repelling a charge of bank clerk Cavaliers, not many of them are aware of the enormous amount of work and expert knowledge which has gone into producing the finished spectacle, and which has transformed each rough material into glowing human semblance of the pages of their local history.

How would you run a pageant, assuming that you had any local history to base it upon, a few thousand population acting as material and spectators, and a charity or two to benefit?

In the first place you would want a pageant master. If you want a professional of the standing of, say, Mr. Frank Lascelles, Miss Gwen Lally, or Mr. Louis N Parker, you would have to pay heavily for them. They are few and far between, and can demand fees nowadays of anything between £1,000 and £2,000 for their services.

But whether you hire an expensive expert or leave the matter of production in the hands of the director of the local amateur theatricals, next you have to rope in the various committees on costumes, properties, music, showgrounds, and so on. There are many of them, but the first two are the most important. *They* can make or break your pageant, both as a show and financially.

THE big theatrical costumiers and fancy dress suppliers make very little nowadays out of the boom of pageants. But the piece goods manufacturers do, the wool, cotton and silk mills of Bradford, Manchester, and Macclesfield do, because practically all the pageant costumes, however difficult, are made up locally by the amateur actresses themselves and the womenfolk of the actors.

The usual procedure is to appoint the local art school master as head of the costumes and "props" committee. He does the historical research and gets out designs for the costumes.

The town draper then buys the material in bulk at wholesale rates—so many thousand yards of red and other coloured cloths, of gold and metal braids, and ribbons and silks for doublet and hose. Local matrons and dressmakers do the "cutting out", and then hand over the pieces and patterns to those who are to make up.

ALL this communal endeavour is half the fun of pageant making. It means busy, friendly labour for many hands throughout the winter months. It also cheapens the cost enormously of putting a thousand performers on the field, acting in half a dozen episodes with as many changes of costume.

Cheap costs here mean all the more money to the charities which are to benefit from the admission money—all the difference often between profit and loss. The bulk buying and the free labour explains why Mrs. Smith can be turned out in the elaborate costume of an Elizabethan chatelaine for 2s. 6d., or her husband as a swashbuckling Tudor gallant for 5s. Men's clothes now, as then, cost more than the women's.

How cheap the costumes item can be may be gathered from the balance sheet of the last Leicester pageant—one of the largest ever held in this country. The figure there was £91 12s. 9d. Leicester proved, too, that pageants could pay. Although the total cost was over £11,000, they were able to show a profit for charity of nearly £2,500.

Pageants this year have a strong political flavour. Most elaborate is the Pageant of Parliament, for which 4,000 costumes are being designed by a 21-year-old girl, Miss Betty Dyson, daughter of the famous cartoonist, Will Dyson. A few of these are being made by voluntary workers, but the majority are providing months of work for hundreds of unemployed seamstresses.

Sir Austen Chamberlain, Lord Hailsham and Lord Fitzalan are a few who are on the committees, lending a note of seriousness to the occasion, and taking away the sneer of "village-green efforts" which is sometimes applied to pageants.

RUNNYMEDE, famous for Magna Carta, is to have a pageant next month with 7,000 performers, almost all of them drawn from villages within a fifteen-miles radius. Famous actors who live in the neighbourhood are joining in the fun and have accepted parts.

Later in the year, about October, there is to be a huge Pageant of Labour at the Crystal Palace. It is to celebrate, chiefly, the centenary of the Tolpuddle martyrs, who were the first victims in the struggle for Trade Unionism.

In July, Scotland is to tell its story in the pageant at Ayr, which will show Scotland's struggles for political and religious liberty. The Covenanting martyrs were associated with Ayr, as also were Scotland's national heroes, Bruce, Wallace and Burns. There are to be 2,000 performers, and with the Scottish regimental bands in attendance, the promoters of the Ayr Pageant hope their audiences will rival those who attend the Aldershot Tattoo or the biggest of the Highland Games.

In July also is the Pageant of Chivalry at Morecambe, and the Water Pageant at King's Lynn. Last year nearly £100,000 was spent on local pageants—all of it in direct purchases and employment. This year the figure will be easily doubled.

£200,000 may seem a lot of money to spend on "dressing up," to be the kings and queens and other figures of history for a day. But a form of entertainment which brings countless thousands into enjoyable days in the open air, brings so much direct employment to many, and helps to preserve glorious local and historical traditions, is well worth the money.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

LIVERPOOL DAILY POST: — "Inmates who escaped yesterday from the institution for DENTAL defectives. . . ."

ELLESMERE PORT ADVERTISER: — "A parcel of groceries was WORN by Mrs. ——."

STIRLING SENTINEL: — "From a wreath of pearls and orange blossom fell her GRANDFATHER'S wedding veil."

ISLE OF WIGHT COUNTY PRESS: — "The head waiter should know the difference between a limousine and an ordinary small TEN-SEATER Singer."

EDINBURGH EVENING DISPATCH: — "The pair had found a BAT and rowed across before their absence was discovered."

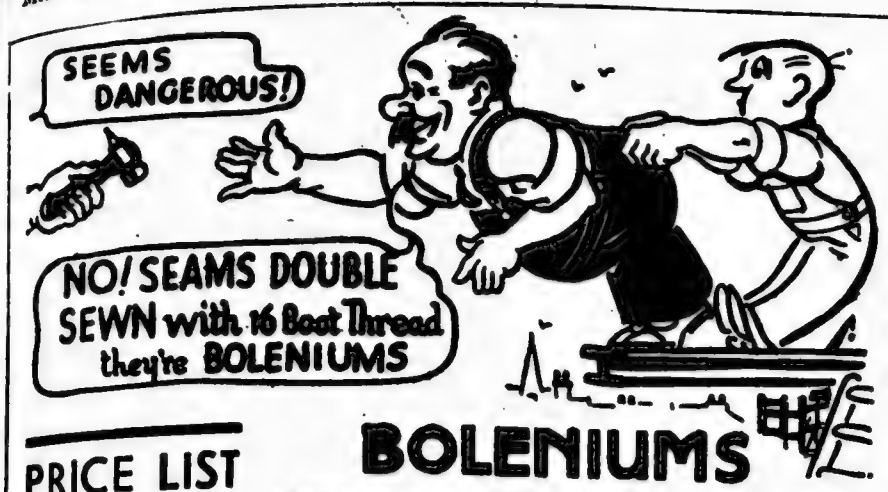
SOUTHPORT VISITER: — "Each team played TIGHT opponents."

NORTH MAIL AND NEWCASTLE CHRONICLE: — "He was one of a deputation which recently visited the Ministry in connection with the finding of UNEMPLOYMENT."

NEWCASTLE EVENING CHRONICLE: — "Mrs. —— said she was a WIDOW with an invalid husband."

WILTS AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE STANDARD: — "There were fourteen entries in the competition for the best bowl of PICKLED primroses."

BIRMINGHAM GAZETTE: — "Allow one quart of vinegar. Boil THREE pints of it."



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LONG WHITE COATS
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Ask your outfitter or write for complete Price Lists.

Bolenium Overalls are specially made to withstand the roughest treatment, to give years of reliable service, and to look smart and keep comfortable all the time.

Seams double-sewn with 16 boot thread; extra stout dust and greaseproof material—strongest where the strain comes; detachable buttons, and unique non-slip brace buckle—all sound reasons why Boleniums are "worn by the man who knows." Ask your outfitter, or write for name of nearest stockist.

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Let the 'Halifax' help you to buy your house

Large funds are always available for immediate loans on approved houses. There are no extra charges for Commissions or Premiums.

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THE WORLD'S LARGEST
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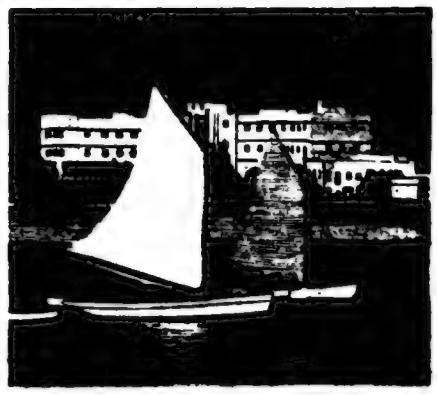

A penny a mile to Morecambe and Heysham

Holidays will soon be here now, and you can be off and away to Morecambe and Heysham, the resort on the threshold of the English Lake District. What a host of attractions the place has! Bathing, boating, tennis, golf, amusement park, ballrooms—everything you can think of. Picnics and excursions, too—to Silverdale and the Lakes, getting back, of course, in time to see the sunset from the promenade. You travel to Morecambe and Heysham with an L M S "Summer Return Ticket." Only a penny a mile each way. Return any time within a month. Stop anywhere you like on the route provided you finish the outward journey within three days.

"Holidays by L M S" (the comprehensive resorts and apartments guide)—6d. from L M S Stations, Offices, Bookstalls and Booksellers. Get a copy of "L M S Cheap Fares" and Illustrated Folder "The Lancashire Coast" (free) from any L M S Station or Office. Official Guide on application to the Advertising Manager, Morecambe and Heysham.

Tourist Tickets available for three months —issued May to October.

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LONDON MIDLAND AND SCOTTISH RAILWAY

"Yes that's because we like the freshness of Bondman'

When tobacco means so much to a man there must be some good reason behind it. There is—freshness! And that's the secret of a rich, cool, dependable smoke—the secret of Bondman. *Every* ounce is scientifically packed in Vacuum Sealed Tins for lasting freshness. Be sure of a really mellow tobacco in tip-top condition—Get Bondman to-day!

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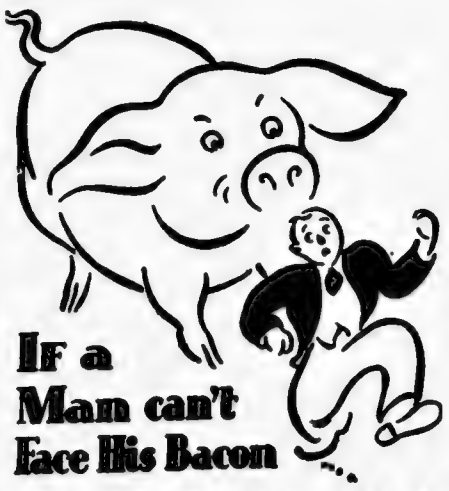

If a Man can't Face His Bacon

IT'S TIME HE TOOK BILE BEANS

IF YOU can't enjoy your meals and you turn away from ham and eggs, it is a clear sign that your liver and stomach are out of order. What you need is a nightly dose of Bile Beans to put these organs right again—to clean that coated tongue, jog up the liver and bring back hearty appetite.

With the aid of Bile Beans you can eat and digest anything you fancy. So don't forget

Every Night Take

BILE BEANS

For Appetite & Strength

FOR A JOLLY WHIT- EAT HUTTALLS MINTOES 4D PER OZ THEY'RE JUST IT

Good scope is provided this year for LONG ODDS COMMISSIONS on

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ANY AMOUNT FROM 1/- may be invested by letter in accordance with rules

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THE BIG TWO

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NO LIMIT—WIN OR PLACE

Daily Commissions bearing a time stamp not later than the set time of any race WILL BE ON at FULL STARTING PRICE (or Totalisator Odds if desired). *Registered letters must be posted overnight.*

WINNINGS BY RETURN.

GREYHOUND RACING

Commissions for Greyhound Racing accepted for all meetings licensed by the N.G.R.C.

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EVERY COMMISSION ACKNOWLEDGED WITH STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE.

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Please send Greyhound Rules and Long Odds Future Events Price Lists. I am over 21 years of age.

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Our Letter Parliament

My "BIG BAD WOLF"

I WAS born with a bad stutter which prevented me from making normal progress at school, and so debarred me from earning my living in the way that appealed to me

For several years I was unable to find a permanent job, my affliction always standing in my way. Then I became handyman to a seaside concert party, and eventually was given a small part in a sketch

The audience enjoyed my efforts, and from that day my "big bad wolf" became my best pal, for I have become a successful comedian and run two troupes of my own.—"*S-S-Sammy*," *Northants.*

Unfortunate Prank

As little girls, we used to play on a see-saw in a field near the school.

One night, out of pure fun, I removed the iron which acted as a safety-catch, and the following day a girl, due to my prank, fell off.

She's a middle-aged woman to-day, but still limps, and, although we're the best of friends, there's always the "wolf" of remorse gnawing at my heart.

She doesn't know why, nor have I ever had the courage to tell.—"*Sorry*," *Sunderland.*

Other's Feelings

A guilty conscience that often racks me with remorse is the "big bad wolf" I cannot drive away.

Hundreds of times during thirty years of happy married life I have tried to banish it by a confession of an infidelity I have never ceased to regret or be ashamed of.

But I am afraid—not of the "big bad wolf," but of hurting beyond cure the faithful, trusting partner that is mine; I know she would forgive, but she could never forget.—*S. H., Penge.*

Not So Easy!

I am afraid of my "big bad wolf." He holds my livelihood in the hollow of his hand—if it suits him, he will toss it away.

Every day I curse myself, but it looked so easy, convenient and straightforward. Bitter experience is teaching me that it is quite the reverse.

However, if all goes well, I shall be rid of him in four months. And I'll starve rather than go to a moneylender again.—*L. C., Brighton.*

Bad Health

Ill-health! Dogging our footsteps like a wolf, for the past five years. Sometimes creeping stealthily in our wake, then suddenly ravenously springing up and claiming its prey.

First my wife, who was ill for months preceding a major operation; then myself stricken down with an incurable disease. Gnawing at our vitals it is tearing great holes in our resources.

Still, we keep on fighting back with the only weapons that keep the monster at bay—courage, patience and hope.—*H. P., Dungeness.*

Profit To Loss

Armed with credentials, he wandered about the works at will. Later, my employer showed me graphs, charts and suggestions elaborately produced by the stranger.

We followed his advice—sacked a man here and there, put extra work on others without more remuneration, restricted certain employees' privileges.

At the month's end, output had decreased, resentment was rife, and a small profit had given way to a loss.

To-day we're back where we were—and winning through. The "wolf," no longer feared, was a self-styled "efficiency expert," who was neither efficient nor expert.—*Foreman, Notts.*

Light Too Late

My "big bad wolf" brings pleasure to millions of other people. It is the extra hour of daylight in summer time.

I am a mother of three children, and find it difficult to make them understand it is bedtime, even though it is still light.

They don't sleep if they do go to bed, and always after a short period of "daylight saving" the children are run down and consequently unfit for their lessons at school.

I am anything but a "kill-joy," but I do feel that the welfare of the future generation should come before older people's pleasure.—"*Mother*," *Nottingham.*

Homeless

"Fire!" was the cry which announced the arrival of my "big bad wolf." I hastily departed from our home with my wife and daughter, and awaited the arrival of the fire-engines.

The firemen worked like demons to save my home—it seemed as though they knew I had let my insurance policy lapse through being hard-pressed for money.

When morning came, however, I was homeless. The fruits of a lifetime's hard toil had been destroyed before my eyes.

I have never entirely recovered from the visit of my "big bad wolf."—"*Sixty-one*," *Handsworth.*

Bullying Hawker

The aggressive rogue who calls on housewives while their husbands are at work and, by the very forcefulness of his manner, compels them to buy valueless articles at exorbitant prices.

The coward takes advantage of their weakness by his rough and fierce looks, and of their feelings by spinning some lying yarn of a dependent wife, children and ex-Service.

This cunning "wolf" acts only in those streets which are rarely patrolled by the police and, because of this, is unusually bold. He must be caught and skinned.—*A. P. L., Market Drayton.*

Sleep-Walker

My "big bad wolf" never troubles me during the day, but his nocturnal visits are becoming more frequent and upsetting. I dare not sleep away from home unless I go to a house where I, and my "wolf," are known.

For the same reason I spend my holidays in the same boarding-house every year, although I would like really to visit a different resort each summer.

I have come to no harm yet, but I am afraid that I shall, one day, walk too far in my sleep.—*A. B., Abergele.*

Impracticable Fancies

Fear that my business castles in the air will entail laborious years, and that my daughters, for whom they were planned, will show resentment and not gratitude, that has been my bugbear for nearly two years.

I own a general drapery business and have endeavoured to give my girls an opportunity of learning the trade.

But one is crazy for film work, and the other has several fancies—all impracticable. To be sure of their real interest being centred in the business would bring destruction to my "wolf."—*R. M., New Cross.*

* * *

I obtained a particularly interesting post after ten months of unemployment, only to fall a victim to 'flu the day I was to commence business.—*D. M. W., Redditch.*

He is big, and he is bad, but I would not part with him, although his licence costs 7s. 6d. He is my dog.—*D. W., Stirchley.*

He is the unknown shopkeeper who palmed a "dud" half-crown on me a few days ago.—*A. J., Glasgow.*

My "big bad wolf" is the gentleman who calls every Monday to collect the rent and, taking so much of our weekly income, prevents us from saving for an annual week at the sea.—*D. H., Northampton.*

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published; 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament," must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post Tuesday, May 22.

The Secret I Found it Hardest to Keep

Race with "Silver Ring"

Whitsun Winners

I WAS pleased to see Windsor Lad do Code followers a good turn by winning the Chester Vase.

Incidentally, he enhanced his prospects for the Derby, and I hope the advice given in these notes was taken when he was a 22 to 1 chance for the Epsom classic.

This son of Blandford may not be a top-sawyer, but he showed on the Roodee that he is adaptable to turns, and he is bred to stay.

Apart from Colombo, who will, I think, win easily, they are a moderate batch in the Derby, and I am convinced that Windsor Lad is a sound each-way selection.

Negro, the Code selection for the Chester Cup, put up a bold fight to fill second berth. This game little stayer will win a nice race or two as the season progresses.

Although there is not quite such a glut of racing at Whitsun as at Easter, there is plenty a-doing. Racegoers, on Whit-Monday, can choose from Hurst Park, Wolverhampton, Redcar, Cardiff, Bungay, Cartmel, Hexham, Wetherby, Huntingdon, Wincanton, Buckfastleigh and Northolt.

The seventh year of the Penrhyn Cup is the feature of the holiday card at Hurst Park. On the Chester form, Irongrey looks to have an excellent chance of winning the trophy for Templeman.

In the meantime, we must look to Gatwick to pay holiday expenses.

I suggest Our Hope for the Prince's Handicap and Indestructible and Social Event for the Saturday "double."

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, May 17, to Wednesday, May 23.

P U X Z R 98 T F O A Q C 93 B 94 M

V Y 97 L W N 96 G S K H J I 95 E D

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

OVKM94 would read SPADE.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. 95KJ2QYO would read Bacchus.

FOR YOUR CHILD

What Is Your Child's Health Worth to You?

When it comes to choosing medicine for your child, nothing but the best is good enough. A child's health is priceless and a wise mother will not dream of taking chances—she will never gamble with 'cheap' untried preparations.

And so when her child suffers from one of those inevitable stomach 'upsets' she turns in complete confidence to 'Milk of Magnesia.'

Doctors the world over prescribe 'Milk of Magnesia' for children's stomach ailments and to keep the bowels regular. It is wonderfully effective yet entirely harmless even to the youngest babe. Next time your child is out of sorts, listless, has stomach-ache, colic or constipation, give 'Milk of Magnesia.' You will be delighted with the quick comfort it gives; sweetening the sour stomach and relieving the bowels.

Always remember it is absolutely safe and there is nothing 'just as good.'

1/3 *per bottle.* 2/6 *treble size.*

Also 'MILK OF MAGNESIA' brand TABLETS. Mint flavoured. Children take them eagerly. *Of all Chemists* 1/-.

'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

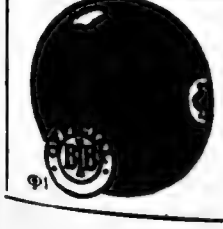
HAIRDRESSERS KNOW..

That's why they use Julysia ....

Julysia is the perfect hairdressing. It sets the hair firmly, yet without gumming; makes the hair soft and silky; and is good for the scalp. Use it always, as good barbers do! Get a bottle to-day.

JULYSIA HAIR CREAM

From any good Hairdresser, Chemist, or Store. 1/- *and* 2/6. *Sample size* 6d.



120 Pairs of BOWLS FREE!

Write for details.

E. J. RILEY Ltd., Dale Works, Accrington.

COMPANY MEETING

EDWARD LLOYD, LTD.

MILLS AT HIGHEST EFFICIENCY

The Forty-fourth Ordinary General Meeting of Edward Lloyd, Limited, was held on May 8, at 4, Salisbury Court, Fleet Street, E.C.

The Right Hon. Lord Camrose (Chairman of the Company) presided.

The Secretary having read the notice convening the meeting and the report of the auditors, the Chairman, in referring to the accounts for the past year, drew attention to the decrease in profit which was due, he said, to the big drop in the selling price of Newsprint for the twelve months under review, coupled with the fact that in the same period raw materials had followed the upward trend of world prices.

So far as the Mills were concerned, he was glad to report that the whole plant had been running to full capacity and at a high standard of efficiency. The quality of their product had given great satisfaction, and had enabled them to retain to the full the goodwill of their customers, both in this country and in the Dominions.

After having referred to the extension of the Kemsley Mill which, when erected, will be the largest and fastest paper-making machine in the world, and the installation of two new Turbo-Generators in the Power Station, the Chairman continued:

"On our Transport side we are not only arranging for additional rolling stock, conveyors, storehouses, etc., but we are also planning an extension of our Ridham Dock. This dock, handling as it does over 1,000,000 tons per annum, is now working to its full capacity, and in planning this extension your Directors not only have in mind our immediate requirements, but also further possible expansion of our business.

OVERSEAS COMPETITION

"With regard to immediate prospects, I am sorry to say that 1934 will be a very difficult year.

"Not only has the cost of our raw materials gone up—and many of the other articles which we purchase—but, what is more important, through the ruinous competition from overseas, the Newsprint Mills in this country have been obliged to accept a much lower price for their product in order to keep their Mills running at anything like full capacity.

"Meanwhile, newsprint remains the only manufacturing industry in England which is not protected from unfair competition. As a consequence, newsprint has been dumped here at a price which is below the actual cost of the most efficient and modern mills in this country. Foreign mills work much longer hours and pay substantially lower wages, and they take full advantage of these factors in the price at which they offer their newsprint in this market.

"What the newsprint industry means to the English working man, apart altogether from the labour directly employed, may be gauged from the fact that when our extensions are completed, the coal consumed by our mills alone will be approximately 400,000 tons per annum. The Government recently agreed to give certain concessions to the Scandinavian countries on condition that those countries purchased a certain percentage of their consumption of coal from this country. As a result of this agreement the export of English coal to Finland for the first three months of this year totals 35,030 tons. In other words, therefore, Edward Lloyd, Limited, alone, to say nothing of the other newsprint mills in the country, will be using nearly three times as much English coal as is being at present shipped to Finland in return for important concessions in the way of import duties on the goods produced in that foreign country. As against this, the total import of newsprint into Great Britain amounts to nearly 250,000 tons a year.

"The state of things now prevailing has already caused several mills in this country to cease making newsprint, some going on to other classes of paper, while one is shutting down entirely. This is a state of affairs which is not good, either for the country or for the newspapers which consume our product.

"To show that English makers are not profiteering it is sufficient to state that prices in the home market are down to what is practically a pre-war figure. Conditions in Canada have improved greatly in the last few months, and there is no doubt that higher prices will be quoted there at an early date. What the foreign makers may do I cannot prophesy; but even with the advantages which they have in low wages and long hours, they cannot go on indefinitely selling newsprint at their present low prices.

"So far as our own mills are concerned, even with the present extension of our Kemsley Plant, your directors have no intention of increasing our production of newsprint so long as those conditions continue. When the extensions at Kemsley are ready for operation our plans are already completed for turning the equivalent tonnage at our Sittingbourne mills on to other grades of paper which will show a more satisfactory margin of profit."

In concluding his speech the Chairman paid tribute to the staff and employees, and stated that in every department there had been maintained that good feeling and co-operation between management and men which had been characteristic of the firm for many years.

The resolution for the adoption of the report and accounts was proposed by the Chairman, seconded by the Deputy-Chairman, Sir Gomer Berry, Bart., and carried unanimously. The retiring directors were reappointed.

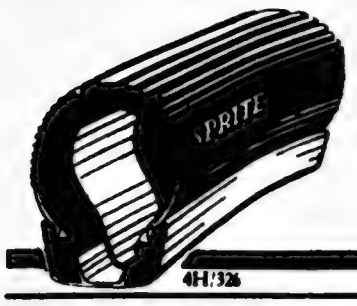
The DUNLOP SPRITE CYCLE TYRE has been awarded the C.T.C. PLAQUE for the most noteworthy improvement made in cycle design, construction or equipment in 1933.

The Dunlop Sprite is the lightest, fastest and liveliest fully vulcanised wired-type cycle tyre made.

The cover weighs only 16 ounces.

In two sizes, 26"x1¼" and 26"x1⅜"

Cover 7/6 Tube 2/6



The Cycle Press have praised the Dunlop Sprite. The C.T.C. Plaque is the Hall Mark and Seal of Supremacy.

DUNLOP RUBBER CO. LTD., FORT DUNLOP, BIRMINGHAM.

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Soothes at a Touch!

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ENDS PAIN PAINLESSLY!

READ!

The first cooling touch—and burning inflammation, throbbing pain, die away. But that's only half the story! The amazing speed with which Germolene conquers ANY skin trouble, however serious, is little short of miraculous. Thousands of sufferers have found glorious freedom from Skin Trouble with Germolene Ointment. On the right is a typical letter—unsolicited, straight-from-the-heart gratitude. Read it. Then get your tin for CUTS, BURNS, SCALDS, ECZEMA, BAD LEGS, PILES, SORES, ACNE, ETC.

ULCERS healed in 1 week

"I fell over a bath and caught my leg. Within a week it turned to ulcers. After trying eight weeks to get it better I began to get frightened. My husband only last Friday brought me home a tin of your ointment and did my leg according to directions, and now, within one week it has dried up and healed wonderfully!"
—*Mrs. BROWN, 12, Warwick Crescent, Paddington, W.2.*

Germolene

ASEPTIC OINTMENT—1/3 & 3/-

THIS Whitsuntide week-end does more than provide a welcome break in the daily round. It gives you more leisure than usual to try for the huge Pension-plus-Fortune prize which can be yours for solving the entertaining puzzle below.

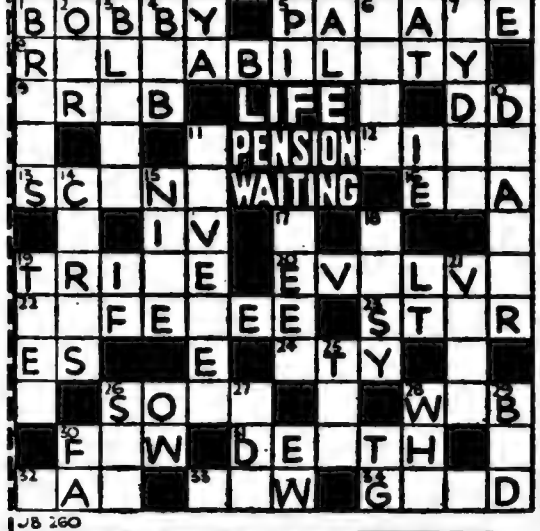
Carefully study the unusual Clues on this page, post off your squares and, if your Solution is better than any other received, you will at once join the ranks of "John Bull's" Crossword Pensioners. For the rest of your life you will receive a monthly £6 cheque, and these payments will be in addition to the splendid sum of £600 cash down.

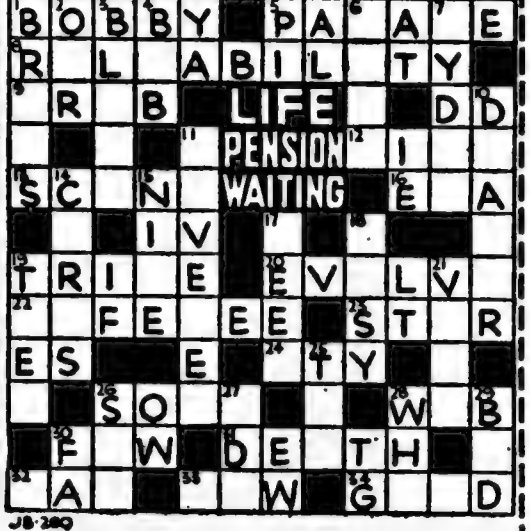
If you are just below the First Prize standard in "John Bull's" Contest, you are still certain of a prize. This week there is £200 cash to be divided among the Runners-up as shown above, and an extra Bonus Award value £2 will be added to every Runners-up prize.

Sit down quietly this evening with the latest of our Compiler's ingenious puzzles and determine to beat him on his own square. But see that you post your entry in time for it to arrive at Long Acre by noon, Thursday, May 24, so that you may be in the running for a First Prize telegram from "John Bull" on the following Thursday.

"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of £6 a month and £600 Cash (or a lump sum of £850) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in same envelope. A Season Ticket providing Eighty Free Entries to our Crossword Contest will be added to every Runners-up prize. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, May 31st, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, June 7th.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 260—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, MAY 24, 1934





JB 260

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No.....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

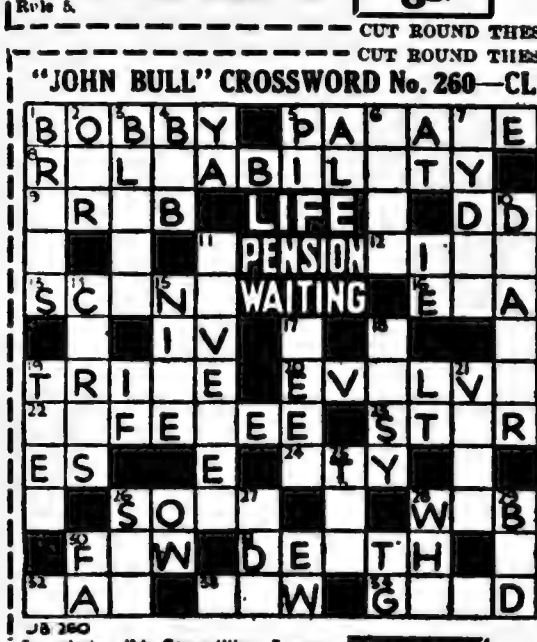
SIGNED .....

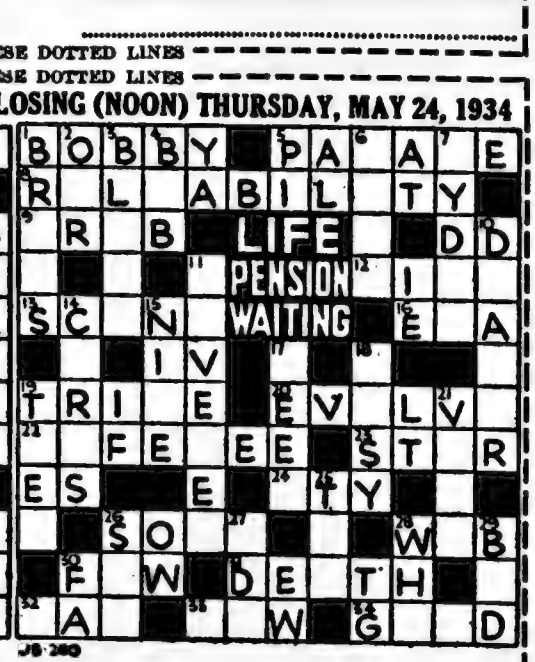
ADDRESS .....

.....

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 260—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, MAY 24, 1934





JB 260

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No.....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

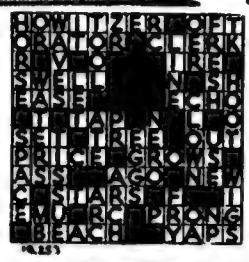
.....

If entering two Coupons, each containing two Squares, cut coupons out separately and add name and address to each.

ENTRY FEE. With two squares send P.O. for 6d. With four squares send one P.O. for 1/-. See Rule 1.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED.

ADDRESS ENTRY "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 260, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)



Solution of 'John Bull' X-Word 258

Winners in 257 on page 38. Result of 258 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 258 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

1. Familiar name for policeman
5. The King lives in one
8. Quality employer values
9. He lives in Arabia
12. Theatre seats are arranged in one
13. Is set up on a stage
16. Long period of time
19. Short period of time
20. To disclose itself
22. He controls a game
23. Rouse up
24. Where grunts are heard
26. It softens water
28. Spider's handiwork
30. Not many
31. Don't get out of yours if you can't swim
32. Often needs a strong arm
33. Is made by M.P.s
34. The sort of watch you prefer

DOWN

1. Hard to keep clean
2. Short for "over"
3. It is often cutting
4. Protects baby's frock
6. Helps walker along the road
7. Made from apple juice
10. Keeps linen spotless
11. Countless marriage knots are this
14. Are apt to make your illness worse
15. Opposite of "nasty"
17. They bring profits to experts
18. Arm-chair and good fire make things seem this
19. You see wild birds on this
21. Is liable to cling
25. Where bottles are uncorked
26. Stitch with a needle
27. There's often much about nothing
28. —— told you that one?
29. May be indicated when you're nodding

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS

1.—Complete Puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it '& Co.'; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON Thursday, May 24, 1934.

2.—In addition to the two sixpenny entry forms on this page, each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from this page, plus TWO from "Crossword Gazette." Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, June 7, 1934. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, June 19, 1934, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one award per contest. Should first prize be shared, £850 cash will be paid instead of the two-in-one award.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

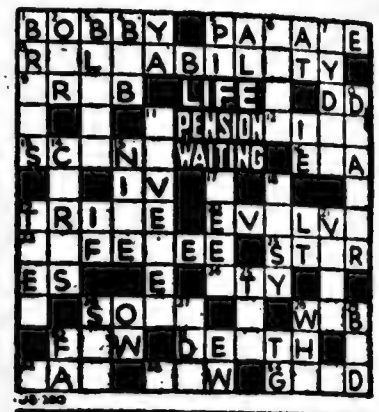
7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

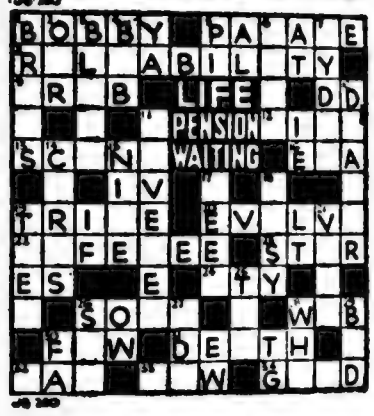
NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.

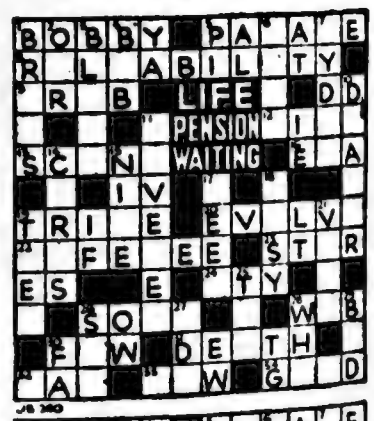
A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers' Newsagents.

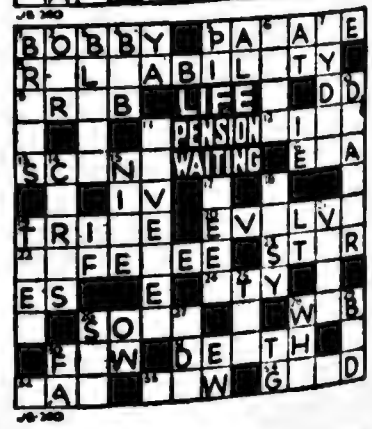
KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW

These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.







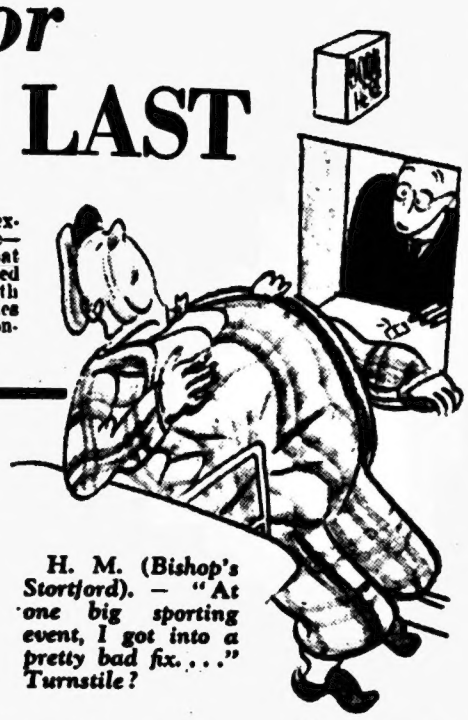


FREE HELP

with "John Bull's" puzzles awaits you in the **Crossword Gazette.** Register on **Bulletin** coupon in "Bullets" page.

The Editor LAUGHS LAST

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.



H. M. (Bishop's Stortford). — "At one big sporting event, I got into a pretty bad fix. . . ." Turnstile?

WINNIE (Leicester).—"The wood was covered with a carpet of bluebells." You can't beat that.

J. J. (Mayfair). — "The squares of London are full of sparrows just now." Trying to pick up a square meal.

R. N (Trowbridge).—"He's the sort of man who makes women blush." You mean he sells rouge?

D. F. (Doncaster).—"I would never give away an old diary." In case it gave you away.

A. N. (Towcester).—"Women's skirts are to be worn still longer." But so are men's suits.

A. W. (Everton).—"Women delight in sitting on a jury." Maybe, but they can't sit on the judge.

P. A. (South Shields).—"My friends and I all came back broke after our ocean cruise." You were all in the same boat?

W. L. (Taunton).—"A woman's voice has the range of an organ." But not so many stops.

G. H. (Woolwich).—"As a manual worker I am dead against overtime." Except at meals, of course.

WRITER (Plymouth).—"My new novel opens with 'A shot rang out!'" We should close it with a bang.

AVIATOR (Ayr).—"Learning to fly is as easy as falling off a log." But the drop is longer!

F. Z. S. (Manchester).—"The throat of a mouse is only one-sixteenth of an inch wide." A narrow squeak.

H. B. M. (Dorking).—"My brother, who is a bell-ringer, is inclined to be garrulous." Always chiming in?

PHOTOGRAPHER (Ventnor). — "Baby swallowed some of my films." We trust that nothing will develop.

G. Y. (Pitsea).—"There is a lot of dirty work on steeplechase courses." Ah! but flat-racing is on the level, isn't it?

MISS A. B. (Lincoln).—"I intend to choose a man who really gets down to his job." You should marry a coal-miner.

E. C. (Shoreditch).—"I have always found that tinned foods are bad for the teeth." Why not try using a tin-opener, though?

AMBITIOUS (Diss).—"I am certain my name will be handed down to posterity." Did you carve it on the walls of the cave you visited?

J. K. L. (Battersea).—"There is a certain barber whom I believe to be a crook." What has he done—put hair-restorer in the shaving-water?

NATURALIST (Penzance).—"I have found a new undersea creature which can make itself quite invisible." It has nothing on the bathroom soap, anyway.

GRATEFUL (Tiverton).—"When I was a boy at school I showed my masters every mark of respect." But hid the marks of disrespect from your parents?

M. U. (Tonbridge).—"Wearing a light-blue pullover and stockings and mustard plus-fours, what ought I to have on my head?" A good hard bang.

W. E. (Tutbury).—"Up-to-date wives demand constant hot water in every room." And that's why their husbands are so often in it?

H. T. R. (Hull).—"My hand always starts to shake when I begin to write. What is the cause of that?" Is it due to your wife using her sewing machine at the other end of the table?

W. B. (Bath).—"I am complaining because when I got home rather late one night my wife threw some hot water at me." You're complaining at a warm welcome?

PHILOSOPHER (Malvern).—"The man who retires at least does a kindness to his fellow-man struggling to live." You are leaving out the man on a jury, of course?

J. S. F. (Ipswich).—"His work is stuffing cushions." A soft job?

STEEPLEJACK (Sheffield).—"I start work at 5 a.m." You do get up early!

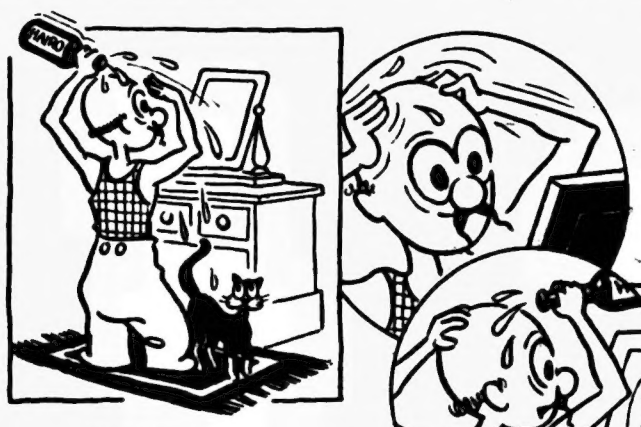
R. F. (Brighton).—"Golf is very healthy." Taking your iron regularly, eh?

M. C. (Streatham).—"I want to be a parachute jumper." That will mean a big drop for your wages.

A. T. W. (Erdington).—"It doesn't pay to get mixed up in other people's quarrels." Not unless you're a lawyer.

L. D. (London, W.).—"Television will repay the time and money spent on it." It's worth looking into.

WRESTLER (Peckham).—"I intend to take out an insurance policy." One of the all-in kind?



ERNIE:

by Jane Noël and R. J. Bailey

MRS. T. (Putney).—"We have just celebrated our maid's jubilee." Hope the 26th will suit you.

NATURALIST (Eastbourne).—"Ants are always working." Nearly all the ones we have seen were on picnics.

TWENTY-ONE (Slough).—"I graft roses and write books in my spare time." So you're a budding young author.

J. H. (Brixton).—"I gave my window-sill garden a terrific watering, and what do you think came up?" A policeman.

R. B. (Holborn).—"There is a lot of profiteering in early green peas." And only the rich can afford to shell out.

H. F. (Rochdale).—"A Swedish match concern has trebled its trade because of its sound directorate." The result of good heads.

R. G. (Southport).—"What is responsible for the half-empty kinemas in the summer?" So few people going to the pictures.

J. J. (King's Heath).—"A local boxer has developed into a first-rate landscape gardener." He certainly means to lay out something.

N. V. (Tamworth).—"My husband often shuts himself up in a little glasshouse for hours." Why doesn't he have a private 'phone installed at home instead?

W. R. (Ealing).—"A dental establishment offers two sets of artificial teeth for the price of one." This is an excellent opportunity for those people who have two mouths.

A. A. (Hindley).—"A certain music-hall performer dances and turns somersaults on the top of an ordinary step-ladder." He probably got the idea from watching a husband help with the spring cleaning.

KIT (Norwich).—"My sister considers herself a most exclusive person." Does she sing her duets alone?

KEEPER (London, N.W.).—"The kangaroo is not really a very energetic animal." Just a lazy bounder, in fact.

TOM J. (Manchester).—"I'm saving up very gradually." Putting a bit by bit by bit?

W. L. (Tring).—"Man can fly like a bird." But he has yet to master the art of sitting comfortably on a barbed-wire fence.

R. L. (London, S.E.).—"The chemist's daughter sings for hours every evening." Her father should sell plenty of cotton-wool.

DOLLY (Leith).—"If I stand before the mirror for hours admiring my beauty, would you call that vanity?" No, imagination!

TOM (Clacton).—"I broke off my engagement because I discovered something about my fiancée that I did not like." Whose arm was it?

TAILOR (London, S.W.).—"City office workers who go about with open tennis shirts should be arrested." Don't you mean collared?

C. H. (Manchester).—"The Japanese are now importing an imitation Scotch tweed cloth." This must be checked.

T. B. (Tooting).—"When the animal arrived it was obviously not the dog that I had chosen." You'd been sold a pup?

D. N. (Daventry).—"The majority of children appreciate summer-time." Yes, it doesn't get late so early then.

G. B. (Wapping).—"I am boxing a bill-poster to-morrow night." And you hope to give him a thorough pasting.

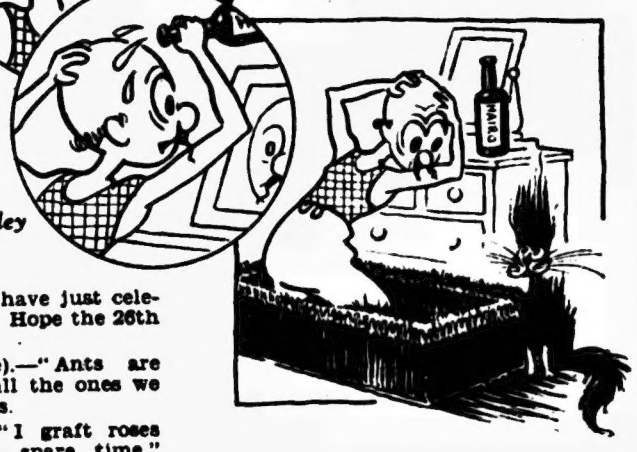
FIFTY-SEVEN (Exmouth).—"Water polo is the most strenuous of all games." Those who take part in it are always wet at the end of the game.

OPTICIAN (Edinburgh).—"I sent him two pairs of spectacles a year ago, but so far my account has been ignored." Perhaps he can't see his way yet to pay it.

A. M. (Welling).—"My car is the kind you ring the bell to get out of." Then ring the *Bullets* bell this week. There's a £750 First on page 39, as well as a week's Free Motoring for three "Bulleteers."

G. M. (Dorking).—"A Russian scientist claims to have conquered the law of gravity." He's too late. Young men in this country often walk on air when she's said "Yes."

T. W. (Willesden).—"At a fancy dress ball a party of friends went as policemen." When they entered, a guest from Chicago who was present absent-mindedly shot out the lights.



FASHION EXPERT (Bond Street).—"What does this craze for wearing sandals show us?" Toes.

G. J. (Windermere).—"How can a man deceive the wife who has trusted him?" He couldn't deceive her if she hadn't.

B. E. (Kirkby Stephen).—"Bath-water may be full of germs." The irate queue waiting outside the door know of at least one.

"HOLIDAY CRUISE" (Hull).—"When I asked my seasick cabin-mate if he would like to play something, he nearly bit my head off." What did you ask him to play—pitch and toss?

ALAN (Edinburgh).—"Some people take a distorted view of one." And then go around showing the confounded snap to all one's friends.

FILM DIRECTOR (Wardour Street).—"It is really surprising what a large number of ugly women come to me for a film trial." It's quite natural—they feel they ought to be screened.

R. N. (Knebworth).—"I beat my dentist at golf yesterday." Did he pull his shots?

TRAVELLER (Manchester).—"I have returned after being out of touch with civilisation for ten years." We are surprised you didn't turn and go straight back.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

ACHING FEET

Add tablespoonful of Condy's Fluid to a basin of warm water. Soak feet in this. You'll be amazed. Throbbing, aching, pain, disappear. Swelling is reduced. Shoes can be worn in comfort. Feet are hardened, because Condy's in water makes *active oxygen*. Odourless, non-poisonous. Of all chemists, grocers and stores, bottles 1/- and 1/6. **It must be Condy's.** (20)

NO MORE GREY HAIR

If grey hairs are beginning to show, think how old you will look when they multiply. Retain the youthful colour by applying Valentine's Extract which stains grey hair to any shade of brown, or to black. Harmless, lasting, does not soil the linen. Of Chemists, 1/3, 2/6 and 6/- per bottle; or sent direct, post free, from J. B. Valentine, 46a, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

VALENTINE'S MADE IN ENGLAND
WALNUT STAIN **EXTRACT**

RHEUMATISM

Nerve-numbing drugs may deaden rheumatic pain for a time, but they are powerless to eradicate the clusters of uric acid crystals which torture your muscles and cripple your joints. There is one remedy which dissolves these needle-like crystals as easily as water dissolves salt, it is Bishop's Varalettes. Give them a fair trial and they will soon rid you of pain and stiffness completely.

Prices: 1/6, 3/- and 7/- per bottle.

Write for Booklet containing Dietary Chart and an Offer of a 30-days' Trial Treatment.

ALFRED BISHOP, LTD.
(Dept. J.B.), 48, Spelman St., London, E.1.

THE MAN IN THE KNOW INSISTS ON AG PAPERS

X-RAYED ELEVEN TIMES FOR STOMACH TROUBLE

Do you suffer with your stomach? Do you know the agony of wind, indigestion and stomach sickness? If so read the experience of Mr. J. Hurley of Dudley and follow his advice:

"I have been a very bad sufferer with my stomach for nearly 6 years. I have tried hundreds of remedies but have never had anything to do me as much good as your powder. I attended hospital a long time and they put me under X-ray eleven times and gave me lots of medicine but never told me what my trouble was. I have not been able to eat a decent meal for nearly 6 years—but I am glad to tell you that after taking only three bottles of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder I can now eat a good meal without getting any pain. I shall always recommend anybody suffering from stomach trouble to take your powder."

Maclean Brand Stomach Powder will do the same for you. In hundreds of cases it has succeeded when all other means have failed. But be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

5/2 per month (which is less than 2½d. a day) buys this magnificent cycle. You pay more than that in "bus & tram fares alone. The Graves "FLEET" Model is the finest value the world can offer.—Dunlop Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chromium Plate, Raised or Dropped Handlebars, Set of Accessories, Lady's or Gent's, Carriage Paid £3:17:6 or 5/2 now, and 14 monthly payments of 5/2. No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer 3-Speed £6:17:6 or 6/6 monthly. Catalogue Free. Ladies' or Gent's, Juvenile & Tradesmen's Cycles. Tandems, Sanderets, Scouts, Club Models. A. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

£1,050 WON IN CROSS-WORD COMPETITION No. 257.

In the above Competition, correct solutions were received from the following twenty-two competitors, who share the £850 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £38 12s. 9d. will be sent :—

Barr, P., 1, Glentham Rd., Barnes, S.W.13; Barrachough, F., 11, Pitt St., Southport, Lancs; Bowser, T. W. L., 27, Stanhope Rd., Darlington; Chadwick, S., 16, Carr Lane, Greenfield, Nr. Oldham; Conway, L., 25, Dinmore Rd., Mill Lane, Wallasey Cord, R., 34, Dartmouth Rd., Canning Town, E.16; Davies, B., 6, Dinas St., Landore, Swansea; Essex, W., R.M.C. Home for Incurables, Leamington Spa; Flower, D. W., 68, Commercial St., Kenfig Hill, Glam.; Green, Miss R., 2, Oxford Place, Greenway St., Birmingham; Holt, W., 111, Watch-house Lane, Doncaster; Longman, Mrs., 6, Vicarage Rd., Bournemouth; Longworth, N., 13, Bog Height Rd., Darwen, Lancs; Morrison, E., 152, Hill Lane, Southampton; Mosley, W. G., 104, Newburn Rd., West Stanley; Murphy, Mrs. C., 199, Pulaski Rd., Dartford; Neil, Miss, Moor House, Spital Tongues, Newcastle-on-Tyne; Pemberton, H., 578, Whalley New Rd., Blackburn; Prior, Mrs., 12, Elm Grove, Woodford Green; Robinson, M/s. H. C., Letchworth, Sunny Hill, Stenson Rd., Derby; Russell, E., Eastleigh, Coldridge, N. Devon; Stafford, T. H., 41, Thatch Leach, Chadderton, Lancs.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, May 29th, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order Number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 232 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error, and who will each receive 8s. 8d. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

An extra £100 will be shared among the Runners-up who submitted two 6d. coupons in the same envelope.

In addition to the above cash awards, each of the 232 competitors sharing the Runners-up Prize will receive a Bonus Award value £3—a Season Ticket providing 30 Free Entries for our contest.

Another Splendid X-word with a First Prize of a Life Pension of £6 Every Month and £600 Cash with prizes for runners-up appears on Page 36. Try your skill now!

Invest in a RALEIGH *it's guaranteed for ever! See Back Cover.*

THE HERBAL REMEDY FOR **SKIN DISEASES,** Psoriasis, Eczema, Leg Ulcers, etc. Removes all trace completely and permanently without rest or absence from work. A proved success over 40 years. Write for FREE BOOK sent under plain cover and full particulars of our MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. **J. ROBINSON & SONS,** (Bradford) Ltd. 11, Kirem House, BRADFORD.

GRAVES No. 1 CLUB MODEL

BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE. Frame 21 or 23in. Racing Hubs, quick release Wing Nuts, Dunlop Sports Tyres, Coventry Chain Dunlop Endrick Rims, Marsh Lever grip adjust. Handlebars, Racing Pedals, Calipar Rear Brake, Middlemore's Racing Saddle, 'Hold-all' Bag, Rear Reflector, & Accessories. Lady's or Gent's same price £4.10.0 or £/- monthly. Catalogue Ladies', Gent's, Juveniles', Tradesmen's, Tandems, etc. J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD. 6/- NOW. Supplied Maroon, Red, Blue or Black as desired.

ASTHMA

BRONCHITIS, CROUP & WHOOPING COUGH

The moment you inhale Potter's Asthma Cure that maddening cough stops and your breathing becomes easy. Use it and you will be amazed at the extraordinary and instant relief. No more will you have wretched days and sleepless nights. Always keep a tin of Potter's Asthma Cure handy. It is entirely free from opiates and cannot cause headache. Wonderful for Bronchitis, Hay Fever, Croup and Whooping Cough of Children.

POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE

Is supplied by all chemists in full-sized tins at 1/6, or direct, post free 1/9, from Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60, Artillery Lane, London, E.1.

Every Skin Blemish GONE! in 1 week

Great Skin Specialist's Recipe

A woman of 40 with muddy complexion, blackheads and enlarged pores was treated for 5 minutes daily by a skin specialist. In one week every blemish had gone. The same recipe was tested on hundreds of women of varying ages with the same amazing results in every case.

You can now use this great specialist's discovery in your own home. Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood is made exactly according to this formula. It contains pure olive oil and predigested dairy cream. These sink down into the pores and remove deeply-embedded dirt which soap and water can never reach. Blackheads soon disappear. Ugly enlarged pores quickly contract. The darkest, roughest skin becomes soft, smooth and white.

Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood will give you a fresh, clear complexion which will be the admiration and envy of all your friends. Successful results guaranteed or money refunded.

PILES

Sufferers from the maddening irritation, the exhausting, agonising pain caused by piles! Do not wait until piles (haemorrhoids) reach such a terrible state that a serious operation may be necessary. Ask your chemist all about this special remedy. He knows the ingredients from which this inexpensive and scientific remedy is made. He can show you, too, the special applicator fixed to each tube of Man Zan, which makes the use of this soothing, healing unguent so clean and simple.

Man Zan is no ordinary ointment. It is prepared for one purpose only—to end the irritation, allay the inflammation and definitely banish piles. From the very first application you feel the irritation and inflammation ending, and if you will only persevere, never more will you be tortured with the agony of piles.

Man Zan Brand Pile Remedy is sold by chemists everywhere, price 3/- (including special nozzle applicator). Remember the name of this splendid remedy—

ManZan

BRAND

PILE REMEDY

Help Kidneys

● If Kidney Trouble or Bladder Weakness makes you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Dizziness, Rheumatism, Stiffness, Burning, Smarting, ● Itching or Acidity, try the guaranteed Cystex (Siss-tex) Treatment. Must cure or money back. At Boots, Taylors, Timothy White's and all chemists.

He toured in this car at "John Bull's" expense

HIS 1,255 MILE "BULLETS" TOUR

JUST think of setting out with your family for a week's glorious Motoring Holiday, travelling at JOHN BULL'S expense in a luxurious limousine, revelling in the beauties of your favourite part of the country and returning afterwards to the blessings of a £500 fortune!

That was the unique privilege enjoyed by the middle-aged schoolmaster whom you see above—Mr. F. Greenbank, 41, Oulton Road, Lowestoft, winner of *Bullets* 893rd First Prize.

"I chose the week beginning August 12 last year," this winner told JOHN BULL, describing his *Bullets* Motoring Holiday. "I arranged to go to Scotland, taking in the English Lake District on the way.

"At the appointed time, early on Saturday morning, a smart Daimler car, with uniformed chauffeur, drew up outside my door. And I could quite understand the envious glances of friends and acquaintances who saw us start off.

Seeing Britain

"We had a pleasant journey from Lowestoft to Leeds, where we stayed overnight. Sunday morning saw us on our way to the Pennines and my native Dent Dale; the Sunday night we spent at Leagate, Dent, my old home.

"On Monday we made for Morecambe, where we spent three hours. At 7 p.m. the same evening we were by the shores of Lake Windermere. And by 9.30 the next morning we were on our way to Loch Lomond.

"On our return journey we took in Edinburgh, and there we glimpsed the Firth of Forth and the Southern end of the Forth Bridge from the Castle heights. We covered 1,255 miles in complete comfort in our *Bullets* Car, and there was not the slightest hitch of any kind in the arrangements made for our convenience."

* * *

His £100 surprise

To receive a JOHN BULL cheque for £100 after years of plodding away at his favourite hobby has just been the experience of a Stockport works manager.

He is Mr. D. Jamieson, 2, Church Terrace, Heaton Norris, Stockport, and he secured this handsome Second Prize in our 934th Contest with the ingenious *Bullet*, LIKE AN ELEPHANT—"BUTTERFLY" TRAMPLING ON HEART.

"We are a large family," this winner tells JOHN BULL. "The elder ones are all interested in Competitions and we find great pleasure in settling down to *Bullets* when the youngsters are in bed.

"I owe my success chiefly to the careful perusal of *Bullets Bulletin*," Mr. Jamieson declares, "and a close study of previous winners."

* * *

Where will you go?

What route would you choose if you were to win one of this week's Cash-plus-Motoring prizes? Would you seek the glories of Devon, the wonders of Wales, the grandeur of the Highlands, or the beauties of the country near your home?

Three "Bulleteers" will soon be confronted with this pleasant problem, for each of the three principal winners in this week's Contest will be able to enjoy a glorious Motoring Holiday in addition to the substantial cheque they win.

Notice, moreover, that although Mr. Greenbank's cheque was a big one, amounting to £500, the First Prize within your reach this week is no less than £750 cash!

PRIZES VALUE OVER £1,100 AWARDED THIS WEEK!

FIRST PRIZE, £750 AND RADIO GRAMOPHONE—COMPETITION NO. 935.

Mr. R. G. PATTERSON, 25, Birdwood Road, West Derby, Liverpool.

Example :—ON HIS MIND

Bullet :—Boss "BARKING"—KIDDIE COUGHING.

£50 AND RADIO GRAMOPHONE:

Mr. F. SANDERSON, West Grove Cottage, Mill Hill, N.W.
Example: I'd Like To See
Bullet: Humbug "Divorced" From Divorce.

£25 AND RADIO GRAMOPHONE:

Mr. S. ELDER, Jnr., 23, Leslie Street, Motherwell, N.B.
Example: Barring The Way
Bullet: Hiker, Leaving Gate *Open*.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

H. T. BROWN, 6, Archer Road, Penarth, Glam.
In The Government's Garden—"*Caterpillars*" Of The State.
(Entered on "Season Ticket" coupon.)

Miss A. E. CHERRETT, "Brookside," St. Mark's Road East Howe, Bournemouth.
She Expects—Better "Nest"—Hence Bitterness.

R. W. EVANS, 62, Reddish Lane, Gorton, Manchester.
International Cricket—Have "Elevens" Forgotten "Eleventh"?

R. GLOVER, 15, The Drive, Beckenham, Kent.
Hot On The Trail—Ramsay—In Old Footprints!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

G. P. JONES, 1, Caradog Villas, Llangefni, Anglesey.
Blossoming Out — "The Hawthorns"—"Laurels" Green.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

E. L. LOCKWOOD 15, Rockcliffe Avenue, Baildon, near Bradford.
Murder—And Robbery, Village Concert!

J. MEDLICOTT 139, Abbey Foregate, Shrewsbury.
My Little Pile—Heaven Sent—"Hell" Went.

W. OXBURY, 9, Blacker Road, N. Birkby, Huddersfield
On His Mind—"Cobwebs"—Kept "Windows" Shut.

S. S. PARFITT, 49, Allen Street, Mountain Ash.
Blow For The War-monger—Best Friend, "Hatred"—Dead.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

— PARRINGTON, 14, Lawrence Street, Padiham, Lancs.
Blow For The War-monger—If Humanity *Gentle* Enough

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

C. BARBER, 237, Coldham's Lane, Cambridge.
On His Mind—Sack—Won't Be "Dismissed."
(Entered on "Season Ticket" coupon.)

Mrs. K. M. BARRETT, 583, Woodchurch Road, Prenton, Ches.
Blow For The War-monger—*And* Country, Empty Cradle.

Mrs. J. BROADBENT, 40, Strathcona Road, Wallasey, Ches.
Cowardly—"Crumpling" Because Things "Stiff."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

Mrs. C. L. EDWARDS, Delaware Road, Gunnislake, Cornwall.
My Little Pile—So Low—Thankful. "Solo."

L. HANDFORTH, 153, Bolton Road, Atherton, Manchester.
Ideal Car—Reason *He's* "In Tow."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

J. HOGAN, 5, Drakewood Road, Streatham, London, S.W.
Ugly Customer—"Pirate"—Killed Daddy Twice!

F. MANDER, 27, Kent Road, Wallasey, Ches.
Barring The Way—To Greater "Demand"—"Want."

E. REDFEARN, 40, Buckenham Street, Sheffield.
Call Of The Wild—Took 'Lion' Across *Seas*.

H. L. SANDREY, 7, St. Hilary Terrace, St. Judes, Plymouth
Left Alone—Through Boasting. "I Alone—"

A. R. TENNANT, 71, Caledon Road, Nottingham.
Life's Prizes—*Earned*—Outshine "Silver Spoon."

A list of 25 £1 and 500 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

"John Bull" Insurance Gift Registration Forms and the "John Bull" Pen Coupon appear this week on page 2.

ENJOY A MOTORING HOLIDAY THIS SUMMER IN A "BULLETS" CAR!

Fine 2nd and Third Prize

£750 plus WEEK'S FREE MOTORING at John Bull's Expense

£50

Fifth Prize

£25 WEEK'S FREE MOTORING

10,570 Other Prizes

10 of £5—10 of £2 10s.—50 of 10s.—500 of 2s. 6d.—2,000 Red Seal "Targets"—8,000 "Target" Prizes.

939

...Your SPLENDID FREE MOTORING PRIZE!

lasts for any seven consecutive days you choose before Sept. 30, 1934. For one glorious week this summer you can enjoy without expense the exclusive use of a magnificent 5-Seater Saloon Car, with uniformed driver. The car will be yours to command, so you can set off for a wonderful week by the sea, a visit to some distant part of England, Scotland or Wales—or enjoy for a week a daily tour round the beauty spots in your own part of the country. Win this unique prize with a big cheque this week!

Big Cash-Plus-Motoring Prizes —Enter by Saturday, May 26!

THE finest holiday of all is a Motoring Holiday—and the best kind of motoring holiday is one of those awaiting "Bulleteers" in this week's contest.

Soon we shall be inviting the senders of the three best *Bullets* to enjoy for seven wonderful days an extended tour anywhere in the British Isles, or if preferred a series of daily tours from their own home.

Whichever your plan, no shortage of money will mar your pleasure, for each of these unique Free Motoring prizes is accompanied by a substantial cheque and the First Prize is as much as £750 cash.

With hundreds of other cash prizes also waiting to be won, as well as 10,000 further awards to which a new £50 attraction has been added, your *Bullets* opportunities this week are enormous.

But remember—if you want that First Prize telegram on Friday, June 8, your *Bullets* must be in by Saturday, May 26.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

WHEN settling down to make *Bullets*, you will be wise to pick out a few *Examples* to concentrate upon, rather than search the list again and again.

Jot down all the rough ideas an *Example* brings to your mind. Then, taking each one in turn, try to compress it into TWO, THREE or FOUR words which link up neatly with the *Example*.

For instance, your rough note against the *Example*, MESSING THINGS UP, might be, *Parliament, With Endless Committees.*

Keeping to the spirit of the *Example* and developing the phrasing along *Bullets* lines, you could easily produce the finished effort, MESSING THINGS UP—WESTMINSTER, WITH "WHITE PAPERS."

Before tackling some *Bullets* of your own, carefully study this week's winning efforts which appear on the opposite page.

Simple though they are, these *Bullets* were not made without careful thought—but any of them might well have come from your pen.

With these *Bullets* lessons fresh in your mind, start now on those efforts which may place you in this week's crowd of prize-winners.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

IN LIFE'S TEST
GREAT EXPECTATIONS
TO END WITH
SLEEP
MESSING THINGS UP
AT OUR REGATTA
GALLANT RESCUER
GOOD-BYE, DEPRESSION
OVER THE WORST
MAN WHO GETS NOTHING
STEALING
MAKING HEADWAY
CEASELESS BATTLE
WHEN I'VE GOT A CAR
HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE
MY OLD CHINA
BRIGHT AND BEAUTIFUL
TO HELP BABY
WORK
MODEL MAID
HER FORTUNE
PAYING PROPOSITION
SONNY CAME HOME AND
SAT ON
NO PICNIC
IN SPITE OF HER
SOLE SURVIVOR
SHOWS US THE WAY
BACK
DAY I LIVE FOR
IN VAIN
NEARLY FINISHED
PARENTS SAY
"STOP!"
LITTLE ONES
NIPPED IN THE BUD

96 FREE PAGES OF COMPETITION HELP

What do the judges want? How do the big prize-winners make their efforts?

These and scores of other questions you will find answered in "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*, which will also introduce you to a thrilling new £1,000-a-week *Bullets* Football Contest.

Post off the coupon to-night and receive each Thursday for 12 weeks this eight-page guide to competition success.

POST THIS COUPON TO-NIGHT!

I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed "& Co.," payable to *John Bull*) to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*, commencing with the next available issue.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Post to—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 30, BEDFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.2.

(*Do not send this coupon with "Bullets" entry.*)

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed "& Co." Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

The original cheque for £1,000 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 934 will be displayed in the window of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son, Ltd., 6, High Street, Cardiff.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 939 usually purchase "John Bull."

ENTRY FEE.—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write your name and address with date of posting on the back of the Postal Order.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(939) Closing SAT., May 26 — P.O. No. _____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. — Signed _____ Address _____

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(939) Closing SAT., May 26 — P.O. No. _____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. — Signed _____ Address _____

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(939) Closing SAT., May 26 — P.O. No. _____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s 6d. — Signed _____ Address _____

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(939) Closing SAT., May 26 — P.O. No. _____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. — Signed _____ Address _____

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(939) Closing SAT., May 26 — P.O. No. _____ I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. 6d. — Signed _____ Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

☞ Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 939, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp)

£1,000 FIRST WITH 100 "LIFE" SEASON TICKETS" IN NEXT WEEK'S NOVEL OFFER—AND 100 "EXAMPLES"

LOOK INTO
the question of
COST-PER-YEAR
and you'll invest in a Raleigh

If you buy a Raleigh, you'll never need another machine. Ride it hard every day of your life and it will still keep running as sweetly as when it was new. A Raleigh is built to last—it is **GUARANTEED FOR EVER.**

Ask any Raleigh dealer. Ask any Raleigh owner. One and all, they'll tell you that the way to save money is to spend a little more and get a Raleigh.

The supplement to the 1934 "Book of the Raleigh" explains exactly why a **Raleigh gives longer service** and why it **runs more easily** than any other bicycle. Get a copy to-day.

RALEIGH
THE ALL-STEEL BICYCLE

GUARANTEED FOR EVER.

FROM £4.19.6 Cash or **10/-** monthly (no deposit), fitted with Dunlop tyres, Brooks' saddle and the best of everything. Specify the Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear, **20/-** extra. Send post card for free copy of "The Book of the Raleigh" and name and address of nearest dealer.

THE RALEIGH CYCLE CO., LTD., NOTTINGHAM.

Depots and Agents Everywhere.

Fit the Sturmey Archer 3 speed gear—the gear that makes cycling easy

CICFA
BRAND TABLETS

REMOVE THE CAUSE OF
SELF-POISONING

Do you suffer from Indigestion with Constipation? Do you wake in the morning feeling depressed and dreading the day's work? Do you feel "liverish," tired, and headachy? If so, you are probably suffering from *self-poisoning* due to Constipation.

When the food you eat is not properly digested, the system is starved through lack of nourishment. Worse still, the Bowel does not regularly evacuate the waste matter, and as a consequence, the food-mass lies stagnant in the Bowel. There it ferments, creating acids and impurities, which are absorbed into the blood. This impure blood is carried to every part of the body, and finally self-poisoning results, with all its misery and ill-health.

You may say: "*I've tried everything; nothing has done me any good.*"

You have not tried Cicfa Brand Tablets. This remedy is different from any other preparation offered to the public. It is a unique combination of scientifically prepared digestive ferments, absolutely natural in action. It gives immediate relief in even the most obstinate cases, and gradually restores the little cells and glands of the digestive tract to perfect health.

SYMPTOMS OF INDIGESTION

In the Stomach

GASES in STOMACH with eructations.

Sharp Neuralgic HEADACHES.

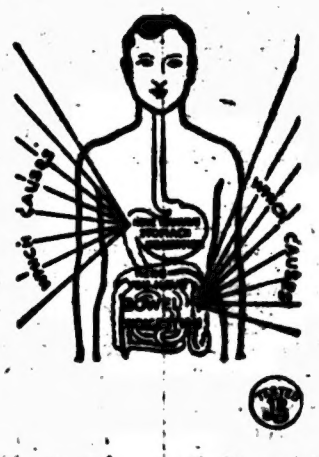
ACID in Stomach with HEARTBURN.

TONGUE coated white all over.

COMPLEXION blotchy, with redness of nose.

EATING disliked. Some Nausea.

PAINS darting through Chest. Burning Spot behind left Shoulder Blade.



In the Bowel

GASES in BOWEL or Flatulence.

Dull, Heavy HEADACHES.

ACIDITY Causing Gout and Rheumatism.

TONGUE coated yellow at back.

COMPLEXION muddy or pasty.

EATING disliked or loathed, Biliousness and bad taste in mouth.

PAINS in Bowel, Griping and CONSTIPATION.

When you take Cicfa Brand Tablets the food is properly digested and all the nourishment absorbed; Constipation disappears, and therefore self-poisoning ceases. The blood becomes richer and purer, and you wake refreshed; you enjoy work and play, and know again the delight of perfect health.

ASK YOUR DOCTOR ABOUT CICFA Brand Tablets

Thousands of British Doctors have taken up "Cicfa," and hundreds of them have written us of the satisfactory results they have obtained by its use upon themselves, in their families, and in practice. When so many British doctors are satisfied with "Cicfa," you too can take it with perfect confidence.

No proprietary rights are claimed in the method of manufacture of this preparation.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS, PRICE 1/3 and 3/-, or post free from THE CICFA COMPANY, 8, Duke St., Manchester St., London, W.1.

104 B57

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